

TWENTY CENTS

APRIL 19, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chialapin

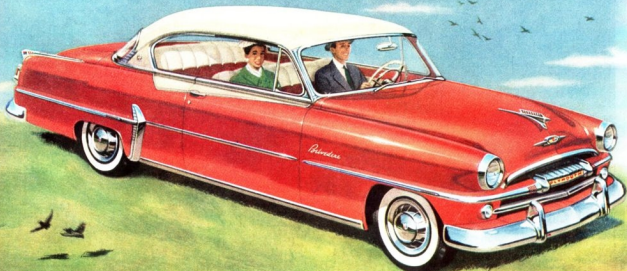
THEOLOGIAN VAN DUSEN
What is the Christian hope?

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VOL. LXIII NO. 16

Even a "bird's-eye view" reveals much of the beauty of the new 1954 **PLYMOUTH**. But to appreciate all the value built into this fine car, you must drive it. Your Plymouth dealer will be delighted to arrange your demonstration drive—just call or visit him today.



HY-STYLING makes this the proudest Plymouth of them all! Beautiful "Color-Tuned" interiors bring you luxury new to low-price cars.



A SMOOTH, GLIDING RIDE on any kind of road—yours with Plymouth's Truly Balanced Ride! And with new HY-DRIVE* there's no shifting!



PARKING'S EASY with Plymouth's new full-time **POWER STEERING***. It saves your energy in every mile you drive; gives you safer, surer control, with a natural "feel of the road."



TWO WORK BETTER THAN ONE!

To give you smooth, quick, always predictable stops, Plymouth front wheels have two hydraulic brake cylinders, where other low-price cars have only one.



DO NOT DISTURB front seat passengers! Plymouth's 15-16 front seat division in two-door models allows easy entrance and exit from the rear seat.



ROOMY INTERIORS! Plymouth's are the most commodious (for luggage as well as passengers) in the low-price field! Most comfortable, too!



WIDE AND CLEAR VISION! And Plymouth keeps it that way with constant speed electric windshield wipers that never slow down. In its field, only a Plymouth has them.



under the beauty
SOLID VALUE

LET YOUR DEALER PROVE IT TO YOU

Fun for the whole family! Enjoy "That's My Boy" each week on CBS-TV. See TV page of your newspaper for time and station.

*Hy-Drive and Power Steering each available at low extra cost.

NEW '54 PLYMOUTH CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S No. 1 CAR



DID YOU KNOW ...

some of your dollars are 50% bigger?

They're the dollars you use to buy gasoline. They are bigger because the gasoline you put in your car today will actually do 50% more work than the gasoline of 1925. Yet the price per gallon (exclusive of taxes) is only slightly higher.

Improved refining processes developed by America's progressively managed oil companies, plus the use of "Ethyl" antiknock compound, have made it possible to step up octane ratings (available power)—

without a proportionate step up in prices. You get a bargain every time you pull up to the pump and say, "Fill 'er up!"



2,000,000 petroleum people
are doing a great job!

Because Americans have enjoyed a bountiful supply of petroleum products at low cost for so many years, the average person is likely to take for granted the wonderful service performed by the U. S. petroleum industry. To give this splendid record the recognition it truly deserves, this message is published by

ETHYL CORPORATION, New York 17, N. Y.
manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compound
used by refiners to improve gasoline



REPORT ON ANOTHER CARRIER ACHIEVEMENT

THE NEW SILHOUETTE IN ROOM AIR CONDITIONERS

What is this new silhouette in room air conditioners that millions are looking at and talking about in 1954? See it for yourself on the page at the right. Notice how gracefully the slim profile of the room air conditioner in the window blends with the furnishings of this lovely room. It scarcely extends beyond the sill. There is no interference with window decorations. And smart homemakers may even pull draperies across the unit when it is not in use.

This sensational new room air conditioner was styled for Carrier by a group of famous designers and fashion experts. The flowing contours of its lines are at home in the best of company. The gleaming touch of chrome across the front which carries the "first name in air conditioning" is another mark of distinction. And the smart new colors in which it is offered — Colonial White and Glacier Gray — will harmonize with modern or traditional home interiors.

The new silhouette in room air conditioners goes anywhere, is capable of more than a dozen types of installation. It may be installed almost all the way out of the window, all the way inside the room, or at any position in between. Do you want your Carrier at the top of a window instead of below it? In a transom? Through the wall? Now you can have your choice of almost any location — an amazing flexibility that is another reason for Carrier leadership.

What does it all add up to — this new Carrier for 1954? Just this: see the Carrier before you buy any room air conditioner. You'll find summer comfort beyond your dreams, picture-beauty that harmonizes with the finest interiors, and versatility that is unmatched. Visit the Carrier dealer listed in your Classified Telephone Directory. And enjoy the pleasure and pride of Carrier ownership for many, many years to come. Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, New York.



ALL OVER AMERICA PEOPLE ARE STOPPING TO INSPECT THE CARRIER ROOM AIR CONDITIONER THAT CAN BE INSTALLED IN A DOZEN DIFFERENT WAYS



CREATED BY THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW AIR CONDITIONING BEST...CARRIER CORPORATION, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Walter Gieseking



*"Baldwin...the most beautiful tone
I have ever found in a piano"*

WALTER GIESEKING

To the truly great artist, his piano is as personal as his signature... and is chosen for its superlative interpretation of his touch. The world's most renowned pianists choose Baldwin not alone for the Beautiful Baldwin Tone but for the integrity of craftsmanship that makes each Baldwin piano a masterpiece. This is the genius of Baldwin: to the artist, a Baldwin Concert Grand is always his piano, "answering" with the same clear, vibrant voice whenever his fingers touch its keyboard into life.

At home, as on the concert stage, that Beautiful Baldwin Tone is a constant joy and source of pride. For perfection in performance is the most potent invitation to explorations into music. For pure delight in both the beauty and musical perfection of your piano, choose Baldwin.



THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY

Dept. T-44, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

BUILDERS OF: BALDWIN GRAND PIANOS • ACROSONIC SPINET PIANOS
HAMILTON VERTICAL PIANOS • BALDWIN AND ORGA-SONIC ELECTRONIC ORGANS

Baldwin

LETTERS

War in Indo-China

Sir:

Congratulations on your April 5 Indo-China report. I am glad to see that America is at long last beginning to realize the enormity of French sacrifices in the Indo-China war. As a French student in your country, I have been acutely conscious of the reproaches that Americans seem to enjoy making about the "inefficient and incompetent" French war machine.

Thomas Griffith, TIME's Foreign News Editor, is quite right in saying that the Indo-China war "is [still] a colonial war... in the minds of some Frenchmen..." The French government recognizes the undeniable fact that the days of colonialism are dead, and henceforth, French foreign policy must be formed accordingly. France, "the sick man of Europe," is fighting for exactly the same values that America fought for in Korea... Sure, you pay 78% of the bill... But... until American soldiers join the fight in Indo-China, you have absolutely no right to say that French policy there is halfheartedly supported by a defeatist France. The Indo-China war is just as unpopular with the French people as the Korean war was with the Americans—with perhaps two slight differences: America fought for three years in Korea, France has been fighting for seven in Indo-China; America came to terms with the Communists at Panmunjom; "the sick man of Europe" is still fighting...

BERTRAND LEARY

Philadelphia

Wright House, Wrong City?

Sir:

If the Mayor of Venice surrenders to the argument that the proposed building on the Grand Canal to be designed by Frank Lloyd

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TIME
April 19, 1954

Volume LXIII
Number 16

TIME, APRIL 19, 1954

What is there about Wausau, Wisconsin, that makes it the ideal home for one of the world's most important insurance companies?

Employers Mutuals of Wausau invited an Atlanta air line president to visit its hometown and find out.



"... an unusual distinction for a clergyman." Rev. Ray Kiely (left) and Mr. Woolman.

Wausau Story

By C. E. WOOLMAN, President, Delta-C&S Air Lines, Atlanta

I'd heard about the Reverend Ray Kiely, pastor of one of Wausau's 33 churches. He had been named Man of the Year for Wisconsin by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. This is an unusual distinction for a clergyman, and I wanted to meet him.

He told me that Wausau businessmen often come to him to talk about applying the Golden Rule to their companies' affairs. That is a good commentary on the type of men they are in Wausau.

This impression was strengthened when I met Arnie Plier, head of Wausau's D. J. Murray Manufacturing Company. He greeted us cordially—dressed for comfort in a flannel shirt. Our chat went far beyond air travel and the big paper-making machines his company produces. Mr. Plier was as proud of the African violets on his window ledge as I am of the orchids I grow—and we enjoyed swapping information about our hobbies. You do things like that in Wausau.

I found the same refreshing attitude in Employers Mutuals' people. Their policyholders buy something more than insurance. They buy a way of doing business that is good. It springs from a deep belief in doing things right and well. And that, I think, springs from the good life of Wausau itself.



"... a deep belief in doing things right." Mr. Woolman (right) visits Wausau's A. W. Plier.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau are "good people to do business with."

There's a little bit of Wausau on the sidewalks of New York, and in all 89 cities where this company has offices. We have a reputation for fairness that bends over backwards to give our customers the protection they expect; and for unexcelled claim service. We are one

of the world's largest writers of workmen's compensation insurance and handle all lines of casualty and fire insurance as well.

We believe that insurance works at its best when it protects against the large losses that are unpredictable—rather than the small losses that are to be expected. For example, we are one of the first companies to offer group hospitalization insurance with new high-

maximum benefits to take care of major expenses. This is made possible by a "deductible" provision that keeps premiums within reason (similar to the deductible-type automobile insurance you buy).

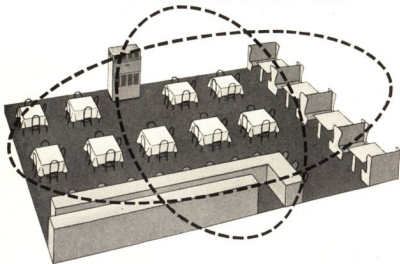
May we show you how we can tailor such a plan for you? You'll find us good people to talk business with. Phone our local office, or write Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



Frigidaire "Great Circle Cooling"

gives full air conditioning
comfort at lowest cost



All the cooling power in the world won't maintain a proper comfort level if the air isn't properly distributed to all parts of the area to be conditioned. That's why the "Great Circle Cooling" of Master-matic Frigidaire Conditioners is so important. It gets

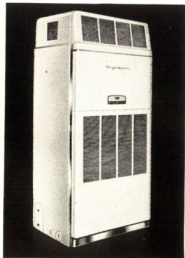
all the crisp, cool air into every possible square foot of area. As a result you know you're not wasting money on cooling power that's never used.

Exclusive Multipath Cooling Unit saves you money, too, with its unequalled cooling and dehumidification. Combined with Frigidaire's X-D Meter-Miser, it provides a great amount of cooling at a minimum cost. Compressor is warranted for 5 years.

Other features include 4-way air circulation hood, quiet, rubber cushioned fan, extra heavy-duty insulation, large, cleanable-type filter. Beautifully styled cabinet uses minimum floor and wall space.

See your Frigidaire Dealer for the best in air conditioning. His name is in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or write: Frigidaire Dept. 2232, Dayton 1, O. In Canada, Toronto 13, Ont.

Available in several capacities. May be installed in multiple to cool larger areas.



Frigidaire Conditioners



BUILT AND BACKED BY GENERAL MOTORS

Wright will deface the architectural heritage in Venice [TIME, March 22], he surrenders to the principle which makes a city a museum piece and drains vitality from it . . . Was the Palazzo Vendramini forbidden because, in style, it did not resemble the Ca d'Oro? Was the Church of Santa Maria della Salute forbidden because it did not resemble San Marco?

Venice, which is the proud home of one of the greatest salons of modern art, should also



United Press

VENICE BUILDING & WRIGHT SKETCH

welcome architects of our age. The Grand Canal will remain grand for remaining alive, not merely a mausoleum of the Renaissance, as it is nostalgically regarded by sentimentalists.

DAVID A. WILKIE

Storrs, Conn.

¶ For a recently released sketch of Architect Wright's *palazzo* (and a view of the building it would replace), see cut.—Ed.

Killing Crocodiles

Sir:

TIME's March 1 review of *Crocodile Fever* mentions Bryan Dempster as having disappeared and rumored to be "somewhere on [Africa's] Lake Nyasa." I think possibly I am the white trudge to whom you refer, as I have been hunting crocodiles on Lake Nyasa for the past five years. If Dempster had turned up on the lake, I would soon have heard, as news travels fast in the bush . . .

I took up crocodile-hunting after having found big-game shooting nonprofitable. It is an exciting and interesting life. I operate during the six months' dry season each year . . . The crocodile does tremendous damage to the fishing nets and night-lines of the African fishermen, as well as taking hundreds of natives each year . . . There is, therefore, every satisfaction in killing these loathsome reptiles, besides the profit one gets for their valuable belly skins.

There are various ways of hunting the crocodile . . . One can noose, trap, harpoon, or catch them on baited hooks. By far the most successful method is by shooting them from a boat during the night. Even then, one has to be continually on the move, as they do not like being disturbed, and move off to other feeding grounds after about a week's shooting . . .

PAUL L. POTOUS

London

Statistics & Christians

Sir:

Re "Catholics into Protestants" [TIME, April 1]: I'd like to tell you why . . . Roman Catholics become "converts" to Protestantism. It's because it's so much easier to lie about Sunday mornings than go to Mass; because the practice of birth control allows one to spend one's income on oneself instead of on a family; because divorce is so convenient when you're tired of your spouse and fancy a change; because it's nice . . . not to have to fast during Lent. I could go on



Good News for Telephone Users

**FEDERAL EXCISE TAX
ON LONG DISTANCE**

**REDUCED
FROM
25% TO 10%**

**FEDERAL EXCISE TAX
ON LOCAL SERVICE**

**REDUCED
FROM
15% TO 10%**

THE reductions in federal excise taxes, voted recently by Congress, mean substantial savings for telephone users. Your telephone bill is lowered by the entire difference between the old and the new taxes.

Instead of paying 25% on Long Distance calls, you now pay 10%. On Local telephone service, the tax is now 10% instead of 15%.

The entire amount of the saving in taxes comes off the bills of our customers. None of it is retained by the telephone companies.

The reductions went into effect on April 1 and apply to service billed to you on or after that date.

Now it costs you even less to keep in touch by telephone.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





The skid we won't forget

... and how Hartford Medical Payments Insurance
helped us when we couldn't help ourselves

(Based on Company File #76KAL15532)

Rain kept me from telling that the road ahead had just been oiled.

When I stepped on the brake, we skidded crazily across the road, crashed through the fence. Both my wife and I were thrown out as the car overturned. Luckily, the police got us to a hospital fast.

From my Hartford Automobile Insurance Service Card, they got the name of my agent back home and wired him. The very next morning, a claim representative from the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company was at my bedside.

What that man did for us! He saw that our every need was taken care

of. More than once, he went out of his way to do little, friendly things for us.

Kay was unconscious 36 hours. It was 10 days before she could be moved from the hospital. Meanwhile, the Hartford man had arranged for an ambulance and a registered nurse—to take us 460 miles back home!

Under our Automobile Medical Payments Insurance, the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company not only paid our hospital and medical bills, but paid for the ambulance and nurse, too.

We got wonderful treatment from the Hartford. Take my word for it, their service can't be beat.

Look for the Stag—symbol of the Hartfords—on any policy you buy for your car, your home, your business or your farm. It's the way to get fast, understanding help like this, no matter where you are. Hartford Accident has nearly 10,000 agents, and 202 well-placed claim offices. So a competent Hartford man—trained for service and pledged to look out for your welfare—is always within quick call. You can turn your troubles over to him!

Have your Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company Agent or your insurance broker check your insurance today.

Year in and year out you'll do well with the

Hartford



Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company

• Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
• Hartford 15, Connecticut

indefinitely pointing out the discipline and restraint placed on Catholics by Holy Mother Church. I hate to disillusion the Rev. Daniel Poling, but the fact remains: his "converts" are the weaklings, the misfits, the self-indulgent. A Catholic's life is not easy. But then, neither was Christ's.

MARGARET HUGGER

Ridgewood, N.J.

Sir:

It is unfortunate that there must be an argument about such an important thing as statistics, but Catholics cannot let the *Christian Herald's* claim of 4,000,000 converts to Protestantism go unchallenged.

The truth is that an unscientific sampling of about 14% of Protestant clergymen was attempted. Of those who received questionnaires, fewer than 9% replied. The statistics they offered were unscientifically compiled.

Ignoring rules of statistics and ethics, the *Christian Herald* projected this into the 4,144,366 figure it released to the press. This figure sounded as if the *Christian Herald* was offering exact statistics. . . But if there are to be statistics, there are rules of integrity and truth to guide their use.

DALE FRANCIS

Bureau of Information
National Catholic Welfare Conference
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Apologies the *Christian Herald's* quasi-sensational statistics: I am reminded of the Frenchman who left the Roman Catholic Church and was asked by a woman acquaintance whether he had joined any of the Protestant sects. "Madam," he replied, "I have lost my faith; I have not lost my reason."

JOHN J. McHALE

Westminster, Md.

Ike's Trophies

Sir:

Your April 5 color spread on the Eisenhower Museum was enjoyed by everyone. Please continue this article and print more pictures from this museum. . .

KENNETH J. CRIMMINS

Keyport, N.J.

Sir:

Unless my two exhausting years of Russian have been spent in vain, General Eisenhower's Russian banner . . . reads "We have won," and not, as your caption has it, "We shall win."

Let's not read too much into the statement.

TOBY CITRIN

Cambridge, Mass.

TIME *oshhsia*.—ED.

Debonair Dominie

Sir:

That "debonair, grizzle-headed Scot"—Dr. James T. Cleland (TIME, March 29)—completely won the hearts and profoundly impressed the minds of churchgoers here . . . with his sincere Christian logic, his lovable Scottish burr and his lively anecdotes. . . Through an unintentional slip of the tongue, Dr. Cleland was introduced at our club luncheon as "a graduate of Union Theological Seminary." He heartily joined in the laughter that followed and admitted that the designation might be considered appropriate, since the seminary's president at that time was Dr. Coffin.

ORSEN E. PAXTON

Asheville, N.C.

Sir:

Preacher Cleland suggests a "new" benediction—"Blessed are the debonair." Every

THIS IS IT!

L&M FILTERS ARE JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

I smoked filter tip cigarettes for years before I tried L&M's. They have a far better flavor than any other brand of filters I have ever smoked. Read the facts below and try L&M's yourself. You'll like them too.

Barbara Stanwyck

STAR OF "WITNESS TO MURDER"—A CHESTER
ERSKINE PRODUCTION—UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE

THIS YOU GET...

1. **Effective Filtration**, from the Miracle Product—Alpha Cellulose—the purest material for filtering cigarette smoke and exclusive to L&M Filters.
2. **Selective Filtration**—the L&M Filter selects and removes the heavy particles, leaving you a light and mild smoke.
3. **Much Less Nicotine**—the L&M Filter* removes one-third of the smoke, leaves you all the satisfaction.
4. **Much More Flavor and Aroma**—the right length—the right filter—the right blend of premium quality tobaccos to give you *plenty* of good taste.

*U. S. Patent Pending

*Light
and Mild*

**MUCH MORE FLAVOR
MUCH LESS
NICOTINE**



**FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES**



How to hit 'em longer, straighter, consistently!

CHANGE TO THE SPALDING BALL
POWER-RATED FOR YOUR GAME



SPALDING AIR-FLITE®

The perfect compression for the hard-hitting, low-scoring golfer. True-Tension Winding assures absolute uniformity and consistent maximum distance with sweet "feel." Its Lifetime White cover resists scuffing, bruises, stains.



SPALDING KRO-FLITE®

If your game requires a ball with extra durability, play KRO-FLITE. Powered for maximum distance. Fortified with a specially rugged Cadwell cover that is Lifetime White. It's a tough, high-gloss white — won't chip or yellow.

SPALDING

More good golfers play SPALDING than any other ball

Frenchman will snort that this Scot's knowledge of the French language is "na' gud enough." A French child will gladly repeat the third benediction as:

Heureux les débouaîres, car ils hériteront la terre! [Matthew 5:5].

GEORGE R. MATHER

Princeton, N.J.

¶ Says Preacher Cleland: "To translate *débouaîre* into *debonair* is a sign of eisegesis." —Ed.

Boring Masterpieces

Sir:

Bless TIME [April 5] for picking up such choice tidbits as the New York *Herald Tribune's* readers' list of the ten most boring musical masterpieces. It's a good list. *Scheherazade* should be played at least once every ten years, Franck's *Symphony* every five years, *Bolero* should be played once, period . . .

But Beethoven's *Ninth*, Wagner's *Tristan* and Tchaikovsky's *Fifth* all have moments in them that easily outweigh listening to the more tedious parts.

WILLIAM L. ROBERTSON

Orland, Pa.

The Bricker Amendment

Sir:

In its Feb. 8 account of my activities, TIME accurately discloses that I favor the adoption of the Bricker amendment and that TIME is opposed to its adoption. Beyond that point your article contains an assortment of misrepresentations . . . During the four years that I have been actively supporting the principle of the Bricker amendment, I have never made "intemperate attacks," or any attack, upon any person who opposed that principle. The Bricker amendment raises a serious and involved question of constitutional law. I respect the honest opinions of those who disagree with my conclusions on this subject . . .

TIME might have ascertained that the 78 federal-aid programs are appropriately grouped into approximately 16 subjects or projects suitable to the combined approach of study committees and staff research. The score, therefore, should not be kept in terms of 78 separate studies. Some of the programs are comparatively modest in relation to the others . . .

CLARENCE MANION

South Bend, Ind.

Closing in on Polio

Sir:

Congratulations on your fine cover article concerning polio and the forthcoming vaccine trials [TIME, March 29]. As one with more than a passing interest in polio, I was pleased by your accurate coverage of a subject still not well understood by most people. To those of us whose lives have been altered by paralytic polio, the question of whether the new vaccine is the best that can be developed seems somewhat academic. If further improvements can be made, fine, but meanwhile, let's put the Salk vaccine to work at the earliest possible moment to halt the human waste of this devastating disease.

JOHN KIDDER

Ronan, Mont.

¶ For Polio Patient Kidder's story, see TIME, January 26, 1953.—Ed.

◇ Eisegesis, according to Webster: "Faulty interpretation of a text, as of the Bible, by reading into it one's own ideas."

RELAXING



*Delco Signal-Seeking Tuner
on your auto radio finds programs
without effort - at a finger touch !*



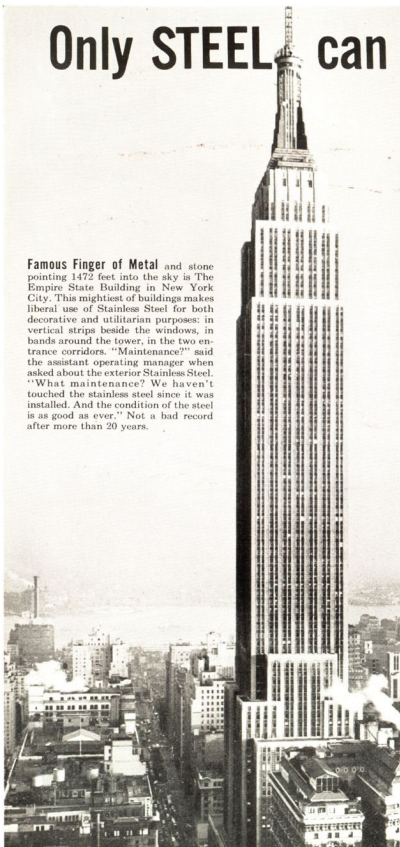
A Delco Signal-Seeking Tuner on your car radio means *relaxed* listening pleasure as you drive. Never again will you turn off the radio because it's too much trouble to tune in a program properly. Just touch the selector bar and the next station is tuned in *electronically and automatically* to pinpoint accuracy. Each time you press the selector bar, the Signal-Seeking Tuner takes over the job of finding a station . . . no dials or knobs to twist . . . no need to take your eyes from the road. So, for *completely relaxed, safe* listening pleasure—anywhere you drive—while you drive—get a Delco auto radio with a Delco Signal-Seeking Tuner . . . now available on several of America's finest cars. Ask your automobile dealer.

DELCO
AUTO RADIO

DELCO RADIO • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS • KOKOMO, INDIANA

Only STEEL can do so many

Famous Finger of Metal and stone pointing 1472 feet into the sky is The Empire State Building in New York City. This mightiest of buildings makes liberal use of Stainless Steel for both decorative and utilitarian purposes; in vertical strips beside the windows, in bands around the tower, in the two entrance corridors. "Maintenance?" said the assistant operating manager when asked about the exterior Stainless Steel. "What maintenance? We haven't touched the stainless steel since it was installed. And the condition of the steel is as good as ever." Not a bad record after more than 20 years.



United States Steel presents for your entertainment every other week *The United States Steel Hour*, a full-hour TV show produced by The Theatre Guild. The finest stars of stage, screen and TV are featured (like Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer shown here in a scene from a recent production). Why not join us for the next program? Consult your local newspaper for time and station.

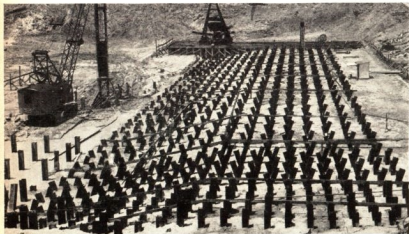
jobs so well



This Baby Sitter is Galvanized! In truth, a sturdy, good looking Cyclone Fence is a dependable baby sitter. For it makes a safe home playground out of your yard. It keeps youngsters, absorbed in play, from stepping accidentally into the path of passing traffic. It prevents stray dogs from molesting your children or flowers. Cyclone Fence, made by U.S. Steel, is further evidence that only steel can do so many jobs so well.



Product of Steel Making. USS Ammonium Sulphate helped increase the corn yield on this farm 65 bushels an acre! Before planting, fertilizer was plowed under and also applied in the row at time of planting. When corn was 8 to 10 inches high, it was side-dressed with 100 lbs. per acre of Ammonium Sulphate. In 2 years, this program boosted corn yield from 60 to 125 bushels per acre.



Dragon's Teeth Sprouting? No, these are steel bearing piles in the foundation of a dam spillway. When the dam is finished, you'll never know the steel piles are there. But they'll be working just the same, for strength and safety, as enduring steel so often works unseen in buildings, highways, pipelines and power plants.



This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

UNITED STATES STEEL

For further information on any product mentioned in this advertisement, write United States Steel, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AMERICAN BRIDGE, AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE and CYCLONE FENCE, COLUMBIA-GENEVA STEEL, CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL, GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING, NATIONAL TUBE OIL WELL SUPPLY, TENNESSEE COAL & IRON, UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS, UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY, Division of UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION, PITTSBURGH
UNITED STATES STEEL HOMES, INC. • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY 4-879-A

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

A lanky, long-necked clergyman emerges from the deanery of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, shuts behind him the learning of 40 centuries, gazes wearily down a hill black with automotive traffic, whispers: "Woe, woe is this perverse generation . . . A generation which travels 60 miles an hour must be five times as civilized as one which travels only twelve . . ."

Thus began TIME's cover story (Nov. 24, 1924) on the Very Rev. William Ralph Inge, "The Gloomy Dean" of St. Paul's. Since then, TIME has carefully followed and reported the doings of that volatile theologian, up until his death two months ago at the age of 93 (TIME, March 8). The story of the Gloomy Dean is just one example of how TIME has chronicled the thoughts and actions of newsmakers in the world of the spirit. Another example is the Easter cover story this week on Henry P. Van Dusen, president of Union Theological Seminary, and the third religious figure to appear on the cover of TIME within the past year. (The others: Pope Pius XII and Bishop Dibelius, head of the German Evangelical Church.)

In its original prospectus, TIME announced that RELIGION would be one of the regular news sections of the magazine. Said the prospectus: "Whether or not they find the subject intrinsically interesting, men recognize the necessity of keeping in touch with the religious life of the world, because, to the majority of Americans and to the vast majority of the population of the earth, religion is a matter of major importance."

In reporting the news of the world's religious life, TIME's RELIGION section assumes a threefold responsibility. The first is to follow the broad currents of religious thought, spot and report the important trends and ground swells in contemporary Protestantism, Catholicism and Judaism, review significant books and articles. There are also stories on the non-Biblical religions, from the Zuni Indians of New Mexico (TIME, Jan. 11) to the great religions of the East. The second aim of the section is to present the personalities of religion on the basis that the news cannot be understood without knowing the people who make it. This includes both the leading figures and the lesser lights whose works and words are worth recording. These stories may deal with lonely, isolated missionaries (e.g., Albert Schweitzer, TIME, July 11, 1949), with prelates such as Pittsburgh's

Episcopal Bishop Austin Pardue, who trains prospective ministers for his diocese by having them work in steel mills and coal mines (TIME, Dec. 31, 1951), or they may be stories on such figures as Bishop Fulton J. Sheen and Rabbi Louis Finkelstein (TIME, April 14, 1952; Oct. 15, 1951). The third aim of the section is to report the news in the field—the meetings, mergers, appointments and pronouncements of the world's churches.

TIME's RELIGION editor is Douglas Auchincloss. He was first introduced to religion by his Presbyterian grandmother. Her prescription for the good life: Sunday reading confined to the Bible, Sunday exercise confined to walking, at a sober pace, to & from church twice a day. But it was when he was a student at Groton, an Episcopal prep school, that Auchincloss became deeply interested in the subject of theology. Says he: "We studied

it in class, attended chapel every day and twice on Sundays." (He also played football, made the first squad, but soon lost interest: "I had to spend too much time learning signals—long, mimeographed lists of signals.") His religious interest continued at Yale, where his major was English. After college, he got an office-boy job in an advertising agency, later came to TIME Inc. as a copywriter



DOUGLAS AUCHINCLOSS

and eventually became circulation-promotion manager for LIFE. After the war (which he spent largely in London with the Psychological Warfare Division of SHAEF), he came back to TIME as a book reviewer, and early in 1946 was named RELIGION editor.

In the job of keeping abreast of the religious news (there are 261 religious bodies in the U.S. alone), Auchincloss and Researcher Joan Wharton read some 50 church publications each week, plus the Religious News Service, which reports domestic and foreign news. There are also trips to the field, such as the visit to Amsterdam in the summer of 1948 to cover the first assembly of the World Council of Churches and research the cover story on Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam (TIME, Sept. 13, 1948). One field trip which Auchincloss will be taking this summer: to Evanston, Ill. to attend the second assembly of the World Council of Churches.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

How the owner of a laundry kept his estate from shrinking

IF YOU OWN your own business—no matter how large or how small it may be—you will be interested in what this laundry owner in Pennsylvania did to protect his business and his family.

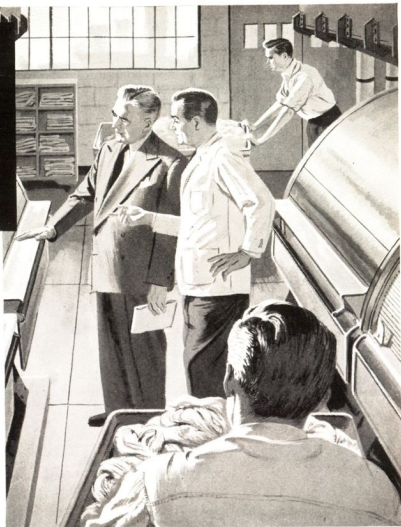
When he first started the laundry about twenty-eight years ago, it was on a very small scale—and largely with money he had borrowed from relatives. They were all more than anxious to help him get started—and were as confident as he was that he'd make a go of it.

Nevertheless, he was worried about one thing. Suppose, by some chance, he died before he could pay the money back? It would leave his wife hard pressed to pay the debt out of the little resources he had at the time. And even relatives can be difficult at times.

It was during this period that the New York Life agent in his town called on him and gave him some advice he never afterwards forgot:

"Make your family responsibilities your family responsibilities and your business debts your business debts—and try to take care of each independently of the other. For when the family hand reaches into the business purse or the business hand reaches into the family purse, there's bound to be trouble!"

The result was that the young man started a second New York Life insurance program to take care of his *business* debts and obligations, in the event of his premature death. As the years went on and his children were born and grew up, he kept adding to his *personal* insurance to protect his *family*. And as his laundry business grew and prospered, he kept adding to his *business* life insurance to keep pace



with its increasing value, so that the value could be preserved for the benefit of the family.

When he died a year ago, he left enough *personal* life insurance to provide his widow with a moderate but steady income for life, plus enough to enable the youngest of their three children to complete his education as his brother and sister had.

And he left enough *business* life insurance to pay all the outstanding debts and taxes and leave a cash cushion so that the laundry did not have to be sold immediately at a sacrifice in order to raise the necessary cash for the settlement of his estate. Instead, his executors were able to keep the business running until they found a buyer who met *their* terms—and thus were able to pass on the estate the father intended for the family without "shrinkage" resulting from a forced sale.

If you have not yet found out about the many ways in which business life insurance can serve your business, your family and yourself, by all means get the facts right away. Just mail the coupon below—or see your New York Life agent today.

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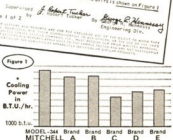
United States Testing Company, Inc.
TEST NUMBER
REPORT TO MITCHELL MFG. COMPANY
CHICAGO 14, ILLINOIS

SUBJECT: Six 234 M. R. Air Conditioners, submitted by Mitchell Mfg. Company for P. O. #25257.
MITCHELL MFG. CO. and five competitive units designated as A, B, C, D, E & F.

NATURE OF TEST & TEST PROCEDURE:
Cooling Capacity in one A.S.H.R.E. Circular #55.
The unit was installed between two adjoining dwelling
units. The air quantity delivered by the ex-
haust fan was determined by use of a calibrated orifice.
The wet and dry bulb air temperatures in entering and
leaving air streams were measured with thermocouples
calibrated in 0.1 degree centigrade.
The wet and dry bulb air temperatures, air flow,
humidity, pressure, power input and line voltage were
measured every ten minutes during test conditions and
thermal equilibrium had been established.

RESULTS:
Cooling capacity for each of the units is shown on Figure 1
attached.

Supervised by Robert T. Taylor
Page 1 of 2 by Robert Taylor
Engineering 214



*results based on test of a 4 h.p. unit of 6 leading brands.

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* Registered trade-mark for Du Pont's polyester fiber.

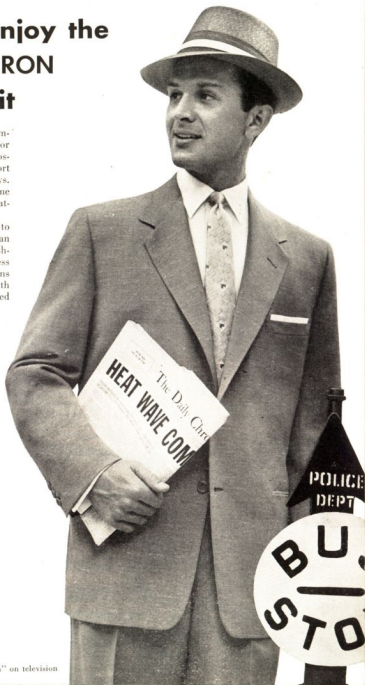


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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

New Heart for an Old War

The Geneva Conference loomed up on the world calendar, and with it loomed a kind of complex danger that had never before confronted the U.S. in its battle against Communist aggression. Beginning April 26, Britain, France and the U.S. are to sit down with Russia and Communist China to negotiate on Korea and Indo-China. In its own right, Indo-China is an increasingly dangerous war because the Communists are now fortified with the weapons and military commanders turned loose by the Korean armistice. But Geneva's threat has another dimension: Indo-China is essential to anti-Communist defenses in Asia, but Indo-China is technically France's war, and France, tired of almost eight years of fighting, is determined to negotiate some kind of a settlement.

United Action. To Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, this situation demanded double-barreled action. First, the U.S. had to make up its own mind where it stood on Indo-China. (Only last February President Eisenhower had said that involvement in Indo-China would be the greatest kind of tragedy.) Within the fortnight, Dulles clarified the U.S. position in a quick series of speeches and statements: the U.S. could not countenance the loss of Indo-China, and was prepared to apply its doctrine of instant retaliation to Communist China if Peking should take a direct hand in the war.

Dulles took the second course last week. He ripped the Indo-China war out of the obsolete context of "France's war" and defined it for what it has really become: a threat to the security of all free nations in the Pacific area. Publicly, he called for "united action" to stop any further Communist aggression. Privately, U.S. diplomats went to work on Britain, France, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand and Siam to get them to join—before Geneva—in a pledge to oppose any new Communist advances.

A Concert of Readiness. At his mid-week press conference, President Eisenhower dispelled any doubts about his own reluctance to aid Indo-China, and threw his weight behind the Dulles definition. Indo-China, said he, is the kind of thing that must not be handled by one nation trying to act alone. We must have a concert of opinion, he said, and a concert of readiness to react in whatever way is

necessary. You had a row of dominoes set up, said Ike, and you knocked over the first one, and what would happen to the last one was the certainty that it would go over very quickly.

The fall of Indo-China, he continued, would knock over Burma, then Siam, then the Malay Peninsula and Indonesia. This, in effect, would tumble the row of



DULLES & EISENHOWER
Protection for a row of dominoes.

island defenses consisting of Japan, Formosa and the Philippines. To the south, it then threatened Australia and New Zealand. So, said the President, the possible consequences of the loss were just incalculable to the free world.

"It Is War." The new definition made many things clearer to many people. Washington sensed that war might be close, but it was in less of a flap than it was in the weeks when Indo-China was being argued on France's old terms. Democrats in the Senate listened sympathetically while Massachusetts' Democratic John Kennedy declared: "It is important that the Senate and the American people demonstrate their endorsement of Mr. Dulles' objectives, despite our difficulty in ascertaining the full significance of [his] key phrases." What was Kennedy's understanding of "united action?" It means, he said, that, if necessary, "the

U.S. will take the ultimate step." "And what is that?" asked Montana's Democrat Mike Mansfield. Replied Kennedy calmly: "It is war."

Only Siam responded promptly to the State Department's invitation to a joint statement. But there was new debate and soul-searching in all the free countries of the world. The Vietnamese government itself was strengthened when an important bloc of local fence-sitters decided to support the fight against Ho Chi Minh. In France, the anti-Communists spoke up more boldly. For the first time the French, noting that the Chinese Communists were already providing artillery and antiaircraft guns at besieged Dienbienphu, were saying that the war had entered a new phase and might be "internationalized," if necessary, after Geneva. Officially, however, both the French and British let it be known that they could not join in a warning to Peking until after they had tested out Communist intentions at Geneva.

Bits of Freedom. To Dulles, this official reply missed the point. At week's end he packed his bags again, clapped on his Homburg, and flew off to London and Paris to discuss, as he put it, "some of the real problems involved in creating the obviously desirable united front." As he departed, he issued a statement which summed up his thinking with a forcefulness that would be hard for reasonable free men to resist. Said he: "This Government believes that if all the free people who are threatened now unite against the threat, it can be ended. The Communist bloc, with its vast resources, can win success by overwhelming, one by one, small bits of freedom. But it is different if we unite. Our purpose is not to extend the fighting, but to end the fighting. Our purpose is not to prevent a peaceful settlement to the forthcoming Geneva Conference, but to create the unity of free wills needed to assure a peaceful settlement which will, in fact, preserve the vital interests of us all."

WORLD TRADE

All Thumb, No Plum

With the air of a Little Jack Horner just back from his own special corner, Foreign Operations Administrator Harold Stassen hustled up to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week to put across the point that he had been a very good boy indeed. He had stuck his thumb

into world economic problems at the London conference (Britain, France, the U.S.) last fortnight, and the plum he was holding up for the Senators to see was a U.S. decision to go along with an expansion of trade in "nonstrategic" items between the West and Russia.

The Senators, still unnerved by Secretary Dulles' grave warnings about Indo-China (see above), were in no mood to applaud—even though Stassen promised that there would be no relaxation of tight controls on trade with North Korea or Communist China. New Jersey's usually sunny H. Alexander Smith scowled darkly when Stassen admitted that the list of nonstrategic goods for Russia included "simple types of machine tools." Snapped Senator Smith: "It seems to me that we

results. . . . When we find they are in trouble, then we hold a meeting to send them more consumer goods." Replied Stassen: "We are endeavoring to turn the Soviet economy to peaceful pursuits."

Whose Disunity? "But isn't disunity behind the Iron Curtain the hope of the free world?" asked Ferguson. Countered Stassen: A tight blockade would increase disunity in the free world. "I can't agree with you," Ferguson replied. "I can't agree that the people of the free world are going to be broken up by stress or strain before the people behind the Iron Curtain are."

After a few more minutes in the committee's chilly atmosphere, Stassen abruptly stood up, packed up his charts and went back downtown to his office. If he

President Eisenhower, who likes him and respects his judgment. What McDonald had to say about the nation's economy left the President visibly impressed.

Of the Steelworkers' 1,200,000 members, said McDonald, 189,000 are unemployed and 257,000 are working only part-time. The total, 446,000, represents some 40% of the union's membership. McDonald urged the President to adopt an emergency program which would stimulate the economy by increasing benefits for unemployment and social security, providing a \$200 raise in personal income-tax exemptions, expanding the federal public works program, and boosting home construction and slum clearance work.

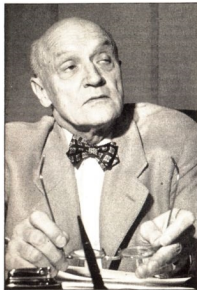
A Responsive Audience. Ike did not entirely agree with McDonald; the President is dead set against the tax-exemption increase. Parts of the McDonald plan, e.g., his proposals for unemployment and social security benefits, home construction and slum clearance, are already pending in Congress with the Administration's hearty blessing.

But McDonald's plea for a step-up in public works found a responsive audience—especially since the President's economic advisers have recently advanced the same idea. Ike was not prepared to go as far as McDonald, who wanted public works projects increased by a whopping \$5 billion a year. The President's advisers have told him that state and local governments could—and should—spend 50% more on public works (last year they spent \$7 billion), and any major increase in such state and local effort would call for more federal participation. President Eisenhower may urge these views on the state governors when they meet with him April 26-28 for a general review of national policy.

"Almost Certainly." Also in the economic offing is another loosening of bank credit, probably by 1) a Federal Reserve Board order cutting bank reserve requirements and 2) liberalized Government terms for housing, small business, farm and other loans.

By no means all economic experts agree with the Administration as to the best methods of halting recession—or with Dave McDonald as to the seriousness of the situation. Writing in this week's New York Times Magazine, for example, Harvard Economist Sumner Slichter recommends complete elimination of all the recently reduced excise taxes as the measure which would "almost certainly be sufficient to halt promptly the contraction of business."

Reviewing such indexes as consumer buying, production, inventory adjustment, individual savings and housing starts, Slichter concludes that the recession is nearing an end with or without more Government aid. Says he: "My analysis indicates that a business revival should come without any additional assistance from the Government in about three to five months, or even less, and that the drop in production in the meantime will not be severe."



NEW JERSEY'S SMITH
Prosperity was around a special corner.



FOA'S STASSEN
International

are strengthening their war potential." With an increased supply of civilian goods from the West, he said, the Soviets "can now concentrate on arms production."

Opening the Curtain. No, replied Stassen, the new plan would not add to Soviet war potential "in any significant way." The Eisenhower Administration believes that the U.S. does not face "an early or inevitable world war," and if war should appear inevitable, the U.S. could easily slap a complete embargo on trade with the Communists. Moreover, the trade might even move the Soviet economy in the direction of peaceful consumer goods. Stassen said, "We are opening up the Iron Curtain to what we call merchants of a better life."

Michigan's Homer Ferguson arrived late for the hearing, muttering under his breath: "I don't agree with this increasing East-West trade at all, not a bit." Ferguson lost no time in getting Stassen to admit that Russia is currently "disturbed" by civilian shortages. "That," said Ferguson, "would indicate that we are getting

had stuck to the plain fact that the agreement to relax controls on East-West trade was a necessary concession to the British and French, who are being hard-pressed by the U.S. diplomacy on the political front, the Senators would probably have understood him better. But when he implied that the new trade might soften the heart of Communism—i.e., that Russia makes guns only because she has no channels for peaceful trade with the West—then Stassen was clearly all thumb and no plumb.

THE ECONOMY With or Without?

Many U.S. labor leaders have contented themselves with shouting their criticism from across the political chasm that separates them from the Republican Administration. Not so the C.I.O. Steelworkers' President David J. McDonald, a Democrat who has been a frequent White House visitor since Jan. 20, 1953. Last week Dave McDonald again dropped in on

INVESTIGATIONS

The Storm Breaks

As much as any other one man, Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer, who bossed the Los Alamos project during World War II, created the atomic bomb. For the past several months, Oppenheimer has been the nucleus of a top-secret political A-bomb. This week the *New York Times*—on information provided by Oppenheimer himself—broke the news. On Dec. 23, 1953, the Atomic Energy Commission suspended J. Robert Oppenheimer as a security risk.

Oppenheimer's move seemed to be an answer to Joe McCarthy, who last week asked if "traitors to our Government" had not caused an 18-month delay in U.S. development of the H-bomb. Oppenheimer turned over to the *Times* two letters. One was from AEC General Manager K. D. Nichols, notifying Oppenheimer of the suspension. The other was Oppenheimer's 43-page answer. The charges against him:

¶ That Oppenheimer in 1940-42 contributed regularly and generously to Communist causes.

¶ That Oppenheimer before his marriage was in love with one Communist woman and that he married a former Communist, and that his brother and sister-in-law were Communists. Said the Nichols letter: "It was reported that in 1943 and previously you were intimately associated with Dr. Jean Tatlock, a member of the Communist Party in San Francisco . . . It was reported that your wife was formerly the wife of Joseph Dallet, a member of the Communist Party who was killed in Spain in 1937 . . . It was further reported that during the period of her association with Joseph Dallet, your wife became a member of the Communist Party . . . It was reported that your brother, Frank F. Oppenheimer, became a member of the Communist Party in 1936 . . . [and] that your brother's wife, Jackie Oppenheimer, was a member of the Communist Party in 1938 . . ."

¶ That Oppenheimer gave contradictory testimony to the FBI about attendance at Communist meetings in the early '40s.

¶ That Oppenheimer hired Communists or former Communists to work at Los Alamos during World War II.

¶ That Haakon Chevalier, well-known translator of French literary works, approached Oppenheimer, either directly or through Frank Oppenheimer, in 1943 "for the purpose of obtaining information regarding work being done at the Radiation Laboratory for the use of Soviet scientists." Although, Nichols said, the request was refused, Oppenheimer did not report it until several months later, did not name himself as the person to whom the approach was made, and at first refused to identify Chevalier as the man who sought the information.

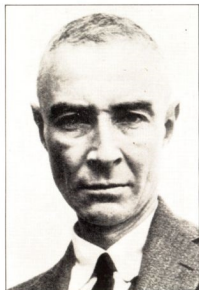
¶ That Oppenheimer, as chairman of the General Advisory Committee to the AEC, strongly opposed the development in 1949 of the hydrogen bomb, and lobbied

against it even after President Truman gave the go-ahead order.

An Unusual Life. Because of these charges, said Nichols, Oppenheimer would be denied further access to secret Government documents, and suspended from his position as AEC consultant.

Replied Oppenheimer, in his letter answering Nichols: "Though of course I would have no desire to retain an advisory position if my advice were not needed, I cannot . . . accept the suggestion that I am unfit for public service." He flatly denied that he had lobbied against the H-bomb after the Truman order, or that he had ever given any secret information to unauthorized persons.

He admitted past associations with Communists, but he asked that the de-



PHYSICIST OPPENHEIMER

After twelve years, suspension.

rogatory information in his security file be judged in the context of his unusual life and work. With that, he launched into an autobiographical account.

"Smoldering Fury." As a professor at the University of California and the California Institute of Technology, said Oppenheimer, "My friends, both in Pasadena and in Berkeley, were mostly faculty people, scientists, classicists and artists . . . I was not interested in and did not read about economics or politics. I was almost wholly divorced from the contemporary scene in this country. I never read a newspaper or a current magazine like *Time* or like *Harper's*; I had no radio, no telephone; I learned of the stock-market crash in the fall of '29 only long after the event . . . To many of my friends, my indifference to contemporary affairs seemed bizarre, and they often chided me with being too much of a highbrow."

But in 1936, his interests began to change, and he had "a continuing, smoldering fury about the treatment of Jews in Germany . . . I had relatives there . . .

I saw what The Depression was doing to my students. Often they could get no jobs . . . I began to sense the larger sorrows of the Great Depression. I began to understand how deeply political and economic events could affect men's lives."

This new outlook coincided with his meeting Jean Tatlock, the daughter of a California University English professor, who told Oppenheimer "about her Communist Party memberships; they were on-again-off-again affairs, and never seemed to provide for her what she was seeking." Jean Tatlock had many friends who were Communists and fellow travelers; Oppenheimer met them, but he said he did not want to give the impression that it was "wholly because of Jean Tatlock that I met left-wing friends." Oppenheimer said he saw little of Jean Tatlock between 1939 and 1944, when she died.

"I Never Was a Member." As for his wife, said Oppenheimer, when he met her, he "found in her a deep loyalty to her former husband, a complete disengagement from any political activity, and a certain disappointment and contempt that the Communist Party was not, in fact, what she had once thought it was."

Oppenheimer conceded that, "I might well have appeared at the time as quite close to the Communist Party—perhaps even to some people as belonging to it. As I have said, some of its declared objectives seemed to me desirable. But I never was a member of the Communist Party. I never accepted Communist dogma or theory; in fact, it never made sense to me."

Most of the charges against Oppenheimer have been reviewed by the AEC, the White House and the Departments of State, Justice and Defense over a period of twelve years. Oppenheimer has publicly discussed his former political naiveté. But the controversy over the decision to build the H-bomb revived the old story, and the AEC's letter to him was in line with the stricter security standards of the Eisenhower Administration.

This week a panel of the AEC's personnel security board, headed by Gordon Gray, president of the University of North Carolina and former Secretary of the Army, started hearings on the case of Robert Oppenheimer, the most important U.S. Government official ever seriously accused of Communist sympathies.

Out of the Hills

The nation's capital, observed the Mundt committee's new counsel, Samuel Sears, is a "jungle." Last week, although Sears was eager to explore the bewildering terrain, the committee sent him home to his old Boston pastures.

After five days of ballooning doubt about Sears's suitability for the job of digging out the facts in the McCarthy-Army dispute, the Senators decided that he had not come clean with them on his past record of pro-McCarthy activity. What finally pricked the bubble of senatorial doubt was an incident of extraordinary lapse of memory by Sam Sears, who apparently was having trouble dis-

tinguishing senatorial trees amid the Washington jungle growth.

Arkansas' Democratic Senator John McClellan asked Sears how his answers to McClellan's questions the week before jibed with newspaper accounts of his pro-McCarthy record. Blurted Sears: "Why, Senator, I don't even remember meeting you before."

Slapping his forehead in astonishment, acting Committee Chairman Karl Mundt cried, "Good Lord. Mr. Sears, late Friday you walked into this room with John McClellan and [Senator "Scoop"] Jackson. They introduced you to the other committee members."

Down the Road a Piece. That ended the Sears interlude; before it adjourned for lunch, the committee had his resignation. The problem then was to find a replacement. Two days before, Mundt had telephoned Illinois' Republican Senator Everett Dirksen, a committee member, in Huntsville, Tenn., asked him to rush back to Washington for the Sears showdown. Dirksen told Mundt that an important celebration prevented his immediate return: the first birthday of his only grandson, Darek Dirksen Baker.

The delay was fortunate for the Mundt committee, for on Darek's birthday Senator Dirksen found the committee a new lawyer, thus averting a further search which might again indefinitely postpone the investigation.

In Huntsville, Dirksen related later, "I looked down the road a bit and wondered, 'Where do we go from here?' I was planting shrubbery . . . and his name popped into my mind." The name was that of Knoxville Lawyer Ray H. (for Howard) Jenkins, who in 1940 had managed the unsuccessful senatorial campaign of Darek's other grandfather, Republican Congressman Howard Baker.

On visits to Tennessee during the last four years, Dirksen had met Jenkins, whom he described as "just about the best trial lawyer in East Tennessee." Big (6 ft. 3 in., 195 lbs.), rawboned Lawyer Jenkins was a Taft Republican in 1952. But at the G.O.P. Convention, Jenkins urged the Taft-controlled Tennessee delegation to switch to Ike. "Let's get behind somebody who can win," he pleaded. Last week's check of Jenkins' record by newsmen and the committee seemed to bear out his statement that he has never publicly expressed opinions about McCarthy.

Six Hundred Murders. Born on the North Carolina side of the Great Smokies, Ray Jenkins is a mountain lad whose family moved to Tellico Plains, Tenn. half a century ago. In 1916, Ray did a stint along the Mexican border as an Army top sergeant, became a Navy seaman in World War I. Leaving Tellico Plains, Jenkins set off on the legal career which has since brought him 600 homicide cases, a reputation for forensic flamboyance and membership in Knoxville's fashionable Cherokee Country Club. In 1939, he made a short-lived try for Congress, the next year managed the state's Willie campaign.

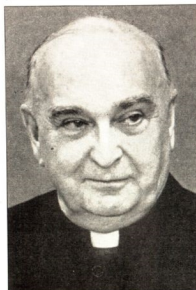
Last week Dirksen chatted at length



INVESTIGATOR JENKINS
In the shrubbery, a name.

with Jenkins at the Knoxville airport, next day summoned him to Washington. Ray told his law partner, Erby Jenkins (no kin), "I feel like I can't refuse to just fly up and talk to them about it." He packed his bag and left his native hill country to plunge into the Washington jungle.

His wiry, short-cropped hair abristle, Jenkins quickly made a good impression on the committee. The Senators signed him up and ushered him before a throng of newsmen. When, in mid-conference, a bell sounded for a Senate vote, Jenkins told Mundt that he did not need the chairman's chaperonage in the presence of the press. "I can satisfy them," said Jenkins, and he did.



BISHOP SHEIL
In phony anti-Communism, failure.

For Joe: "Phooey!"

One of the most influential U.S. Roman Catholic churchmen lashed out last week at Joe McCarthy's kind of anti-Communism. Tyranny, the Most Rev. Bernard James Sheil told 2,500 cheering delegates to the C.I.O. Auto Workers' international educational conference at Chicago, cannot be fought with more tyranny. And since McCarthy launched his Red hunt four years ago, "we have been victims . . . of a kind of shell game. We have been treated like country rubes, to be taken in by a city slicker from Appleton."

Bishop Sheil, 66-year-old founder and general director of the Catholic Youth Organization and auxiliary bishop of the Chicago archdiocese, also tore into the argument that, while McCarthy's means may be questionable, they are justified by his ends.

The Case of Hitler. "That all decent Americans are against Communism [goes] without saying," he told the delegates. "The problem is no longer one of alerting people to the danger of Communism . . . The problem we are facing is what do we do about it . . . what constitutes effective anti-Communism? More than that, what kind of anti-Communism is moral? What kind of anti-Communism is proper in a freedom-loving country like ours? . . ."

"If anti-Communism is immoral, it is not effective. You cannot effectively fight Communism with more immorality. If anti-Communism flouts the principles of democracy and freedom, it is not in the long run effective. You cannot effectively fight tyranny with tyranny. . ."

"It is not enough to say that someone is anti-Communist to win my support. It has been said that patriotism is the scoundrel's last refuge. In this day and age, anti-Communism is sometimes the scoundrel's first defense . . . One of the noisiest anti-Communists of recent history was a man named Adolf Hitler. He was not wrong because he was anti-Communist. He was wrong because he was immorally anti-Communist . . . and inevitably, [he] was a dismal failure . . ."

This nation, he went on, must "cry out against the phony anti-Communism that mocks our way of life, flouts our traditions and democratic procedures and our sense of fair play, feeds on the meat of suspicion and grows great on the disension among Americans which it cynically creates and keeps alive by the mad pursuit of headlines."

The bishop conjectured that America is in danger of losing its sense of humor. "What kind of a spectacle are we becoming?" he asked. "If we Americans could stand off in space and look at this foolishness, the mad, merry search for the spotlight that has been going on for two or three years in the name of anti-Communism. I think our native sense of humor—our ability to laugh at ourselves, to recognize that we had been taken in—would save us, if nothing else."

Then he demanded: "Are we any safer

... because General [George] Marshall was branded as a traitor? No, we aren't. But we are a little less honorable ... Are we any safer because nonconformity has been practically identified with treason? I think not ... Are we any more to be feared by the Communists because of all the hundreds of headlines the Senator from Wisconsin has piled up? I don't believe so ...

"This kind of ridiculous goings-on is seriously described as anti-Communism. If you will pardon a very lowbrow comment, I say, 'Phooey!'"

Bishop Sheil added: "What I have said is my personal opinion. I am not speaking for the Catholic Church but only for myself, a citizen ... Other Catholics may agree or disagree with the judgment I have reached ... Although the Church takes no position, and will not, on such a matter of public controversy, the Church does take a position on lies, calumny, the absence of charity and calculated deceit. These things are wrong ... They are morally evil, and to call them good, or to act as if they were permissible under certain circumstances, is itself a monstrous perversion of morality."

"They are not justified by any cause—least of all by the cause of anti-Communism, which should unite rather than divide all of us in these difficult times."

Fight for Security

Like any husband home from work, Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr. chatted with the wife, drank a bourbon and water and downed a leisurely dinner (chicken, peas and ginger cake). Then he drove to a Washington TV studio to report to the nation, at President Eisenhower's request, on "The Fight Against Communism." Confidently, Brownell spelled out the problem of Communist infiltration and what is being done to combat it.

Real Threat. "The threat of Communism is a very real one," he said. The party has 25,000 members ("25,000 potential foreign agents"), but is so infiltrated by FBI agents that it "doesn't know which of its Communist members to trust. I assure you, that makes their conspiracy a very hazardous occupation." Smiling slightly, even chuckling once, Brownell gave some samples of FBI undercover work:

¶ From U.S. Communist Party sources the FBI, a month before Stalin's death, learned that he was very ill and would be succeeded by Malenkov.

¶ During a recent Detroit trial, at which six party leaders were convicted, an FBI undercover agent conferred with the trusting Communist defendants the day before he testified as a surprise witness against them.

¶ Secret agents have "reported to the FBI on the activities of each other as Communists. None of them knew that the others were working for the FBI."

¶ Even some underground Communist leaders are known and watched by the FBI.

"One of the most successful ways to attack a conspiracy is to destroy its lead-

ership," said Brownell. "Altogether, since 1948, 105 of the principal leaders of the Communist Party have been indicted ... [or] convicted of conspiring the overthrow of our Government by force and violence."

Dramatically, Brownell displayed cut-out portraits of the Communist Party's 22 top leaders (see cut), the regular and alternate members of the national committee, almost all now in jail, in hiding, or awaiting trial. Moreover, 208 foreign-born subversives have been ordered deported. "Hundreds" of security risks, he added, have been fired from Government jobs.

Real Action. "The FBI, the Department of Justice and the courts are your agents in dealing with the Communist conspiracy ...," he said. "They are your guarantee that the liberties of all Americans will be preserved and ever strength-

(This week he told Congress that any such law would be of no help, could hinder the FBI, and would raise constitutional issues.)

Real Job. "We are determined," said Brownell, "to destroy the effectiveness of the Communist movement in this country ... Although we must be constantly alert to the danger of Communist infiltration, we should not have exaggerated fears." By the time he got through, Herb Brownell had done more than outline the Administration's coordinated program—"within the framework of the Constitution"—against the internal Communist threat. He had done his best to dismiss McCarthyism as irrelevant to the real job of fighting Communism.

"The history of how the Communist underground infiltrated our national Government, with the disastrous loss of



COMMUNIST FIGHTER BROWNELL & ENEMIES*
Conspiracy is a hazardous occupation.

Associated Press

ened from any enemies who seek to destroy them." He never mentioned Senator McCarthy. From Congress he asked, not more investigation, but more legislation and a comprehensive set of new laws to:

¶ Authorize the firing of "potential saboteurs or espionage agents" from defense plants.

¶ Eliminate "Communist control" in any labor union.

¶ Grant immunity to reluctant witnesses "so they may be compelled to testify."

¶ Allow the use of wiretap evidence in Federal court trials of cases involving the nation's security.

¶ Provide the death penalty for spying in peacetime.

¶ Strip citizenship from persons convicted of conspiring to overthrow the Government.

¶ Extend the time limit for prosecution of spy cases.

However, he did not call for any law to outlaw the Communist Party outright.

atomic information and other defense data," he said assuredly, "is now familiar to all Americans ... The American people want no more of the type of Hiss, Remington and Harry Dexter White. They may be assured that, so far as is humanly possible, this country is protected against further loss from Government sources of secret defense information to our enemies."

* Top row shows 13 regular members of the Communist Party National Committee: Carl Winter, Irving Potash, John Williamson, Henry Winston, Gus Hall, Eugene Dennis, William Z. Foster, Benjamin J. Davis, Robert Thompson, Jack Stacher, Gil Green, John Gates and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn (all convicted and jailed except Chairman Foster, too ill to stand trial, and Fugitives Winston and Green). Bottom row shows nine alternate members: Sidney Steinberg (indicted), Archie Brown, Claude Lightfoot, Pettis Perry (convicted), Fred Fine (indicted), James Jackson (indicted), Claudia Jones (convicted), Martha Stone and William Schneiderman (convicted).

POLITICAL NOTES

Arkansas Dustup

As it is in most Southern states, a Democratic nomination in Arkansas is tantamount to election. This week John L. McClellan, 58, the state's senior Senator (and ranking minority member of Joe McCarthy's Senate subcommittee), learned that he had a fight on his hands in trying to get his party's endorsement for a third term in Washington. His opponent in the Democratic primary: aggressive, Fair-Dealing Sidney Sanders McMath, 41, who has been threatening to run against McClellan since the latter openly supported Governor Francis Cherry against McMath in 1950. In that primary, McMath was beaten in his try for a third term as Arkansas' governor.

McMath announced his candidacy in a speech in which he accused McClellan of pro-Republicanism. According to McMath, McClellan has vacillated on the McCarthy controversy. Said McMath: "As long as Joe was branding Democrats as spies and traitors, our Johnny was saying, 'Go to it, Joe, sic 'em.' It was only when McCarthy turned his guns on the Republicans that your senior Senator started dragging his feet."

THE ADMINISTRATION

"The Buccaneer"

Months ago, preparing to go back to his Detroit bank, Budget Director Joseph Dodge began training his successor: Rowland Roberts Hughes, 58. This week, painlessly and almost privately (no interviews, no press conference), the new budget director takes over.

Among themselves, White House staffers called Hughes "The Buccaneer," because of his bold black eye-patch. He has worn one for twelve years or so to cover

an eyelid injury, but the rakish effect is only accidental. Actually, Hughes, like Dodge, is a quiet career banker who neither smokes nor drinks, has no absorbing hobbies, worries himself with no sports.

Just out of Brown University ('16), Hughes went to work for New York's National City Bank, put in ten years at foreign branches (Shanghai, Osaka, Bombay and London) and, later, 17 years as comptroller. In 1951 he became vice president (reportedly at \$50,000-plus a year), but left last year to understudy Dodge in the budget bureau.

As a banker, Hughes studied federal spending, helped prepare a 278-page book, *A Tax Program for a Solvent America*. As budget director (at \$17,500 a year), Hughes will sit in with the Cabinet and top-level National Security Council, check spending and prepare future budgets. He promises to cut spending if possible, but knows, as he once said, that "there is no easy, automatic formula."

HISTORICAL NOTES

The House

William Penn was openhanded in deeding land to Quakers newly arrived in the New World; in 1687 a family of early Pennsylvanians named Shallcross got an enormous tract simply by promising him a minute portion of their annual crop. But there was reason for Penn's generosity to the Shallcrosses. The land was no bargain—it was ten miles northeast of Penn's "greene Country Towne" and in the middle of an Indian-infested wilderness. Neither remoteness nor danger, however, dismayed the Shallcrosses. They built a big stone house—with iron shutters to stop flaming arrows and musket ports for return fire—and resolved to stay put.

They were solid citizens. Many were farmers; they lived and died in the big



Associated Press

BUDGET BOSS HUGHES
For a big job, no easy formula.

house for 100 years. Then about 1800 Priscilla Shallcross married Samuel Roberts at Abington Meeting House, and the house and its surrounding acres were passed on to their descendants. The Roberts tribe enlarged the place until it boasted 19 rooms and a 110-ft. porch, and they, in turn, tilled the farm for 120 years.

In 1920, however, cheerful, big-boned William I. Roberts—last of the family to inherit the place—decided to quit the soil. He became a butter & egg salesman, then a partner in a general store, and finally got into the automobile parts business. But he kept on living on the farm. His son, William I. Roberts Jr., grew up, married and brought his bride to the house. His grandson, William I. Roberts III, grew up, married and brought his bride there too. When William I. Roberts IV was born two years ago, four generations were sheltered beneath its old rafters.

With its ancient hand-carved beams, wide pegged floors and hand-forged hinges, the house stayed solid and eminently habitable. But the city of Philadelphia, once so distant, finally grew out to the Shallcross-Roberts house; the three acres remaining of the farm were almost surrounded by new row houses. The Roberts stubbornly refused to sell. Last year the itch for modernity got the better of grandson William I. Roberts III—he bought a new house in Levittown, Pa. and moved out with his son William I. Roberts IV. The old place seemed empty. Last week Owner Roberts, now 74, finally sold out for a "price that would knock your hat in the creek."

Next month the wreckers will start tearing down the 250-year-old landmark and bulldozers will begin digging basements for the 77 new dwellings that will rise up on the farm. By next spring there will be nothing left of the Shallcross-Roberts farm but the ornate original deed bearing the bold signature William Penn.



Philadelphia Sunday Bulletin

PHILADELPHIA'S SHALLCROSS-ROBERTS HOUSE
From a greene Country Towne, a trip to Levittown.

FOREIGN AID THAT KEEPS AIDING

How to Export Home-Grown Prosperity

In all the \$43 billion of economic (i.e., nonmilitary) aid dealt around the world since World War II, the U.S. has seldom known quite how to play its trump economic cards against the Communists and Socialists. The trumps are those dynamic qualities of production and distribution which make U.S.-type capitalism demonstrably the best pathway to a higher standard of living. Last week TIME Correspondent Robert Christopher reported on an experiment in the province of Vicenza, Italy, where a group of imaginative U.S. foreign-aiders played the trumps with signal success, to the profit of Italian management, labor and the free world.

ON the Fourth of July 1952, two officials of the U.S. Mutual Security Agency in Italy were driving north from Rome to the Italian industrial city of Vicenza (pop. 82,000). One was Walter C. McAduo, 56, a Philadelphian and former pulp-mill executive, and the other was James L. Hockenberry, 54, a onetime agent for Prudential Insurance in Lebanon, Pa. and wartime specialist in on-the-job industrial training. Their mission: to find an Italian plant willing to try out American methods of increasing productivity.

As they drove along, Hockenberry was struck with a better idea: if the benefits of productivity were to get a real U.S.-type demonstration, why not expand the experiment to include several plants in the Vicenza area, instead of just one?

McAduo agreed, and so, later, did the Italian National Productivity Council. Vicenza province was ideal for an area-sized trial—a relatively prosperous district dependent on no single industry but bulging with small and medium-sized businesses. MSA and the council decided to limit the experiment to plants that 1) employed 500 men or less, 2) had good labor relations, and 3) were capable of expanding production 100-400% without running into marketing difficulties. Using these conditions, they jointly selected five plants that turned out a variety of products, including motorcycles, compressors, pumps, liquid-gas bottles, agricultural equipment, woolen cloth and pharmaceuticals.

THE DOCTRINE OF MORE JOBS

Vicenza's labor unions were deeply suspicious that increased productivity might turn out to be no more than a newfangled way of cutting employment. MSA insisted that all the pilot plants publicly agree that they would share increased earnings, if any, with the workers, that they would hold periodic management-labor conferences on the experiment and that they would fire no workers as a result of increased productivity. These were not simply concessions to union fears. Productivity, as MSA preached it in the experimental plants, is a dynamic concept which holds that by increasing efficiency a manufacturer can cut unit costs and thereby expand sales and thereby create jobs for more workers.

In October 1952 the Vicenza experiment got under way. As a first step, MSA sent into each factory an Italian in-plant trainer, generally an engineer trained under U.S. guidance. The in-plant trainer's job is to break down the resistance of foremen and low-level supervisors to new production ideas. Since Italian factories are frequently caste-bound, the in-plant trainer starts off with a course in labor relations.

During one informal swing around the shop, the in-plant trainer at the Ceccato plant found a foreman in high dudgeon: the women in his crew were once again refusing to put on the plain, utilitarian caps they were supposed to wear as a safety measure. The trainer whipped out his little pink card on "How to handle a problem." (Rule No. 1 is "Get the facts.") "Have you got all the facts?" he asked. "Why not have the women elect a committee to tell you exactly why they don't like the caps?" When the foreman broached this notion to the women they seized upon it and elected a committee whose members, in the process of telling each other why they didn't like the caps, evolved a design that they did like. Ceccato bought caps

of the new design, the women put them on, and the foreman was hailed by all hands as a Solomon.

After an Italian in-plant trainer has been at work for about three months, the two U.S. productivity experts assigned to Vicenza put in an appearance at the plant. They begin by checking quickly but thoroughly such matters as materials handling, work distribution, records and control, quality of supervision and production methods. The U.S. Foreign Operations Administration (successor to MSA) insists that Italian production engineers work along with the Americans, thus helping to train a corps of Italian productivity specialists.

It is at this stage that the most dramatic results are usually achieved. For example, at the Laverda Brothers foundry (agricultural equipment) the FOAM found primitive quality control and a bad personnel problem resulting from bitter rivalry between the old up-from-the-ranks foundry boss and a young technical-school graduate who had been hired to introduce "modern" methods. The American tactfully changed the composition of the metal and the type of casting sand used. He also persuaded the old foundryman to concentrate on bossing labor and the younger man to concentrate on records and quality control. The results: greatly improved castings and 30% greater production with no additional capital investment.

THE HOPE FOR ABUNDANCE

Results in the first five Vicenza plants to participate, according to FOA estimates:

- ① Production and sales: up 23%.
- ① Employment: up 23% (from 1,385 to 1,707).
- ① Wage rates: up 10% (mostly in production bonuses).
- ① Prices: no overall figure, but some cuts have been made, e.g., Ceccato dropped the price of its motorcycles from 180,000 to 150,000 lire (\$288 to \$240).

Six months after the project began, five more Vicenza plants were added to the experiment; next month FOA will add another five.

There have been important gains not measurable in statistics. The Communist-dominated CGIL (Italian General Confederation of Labor) last November won four out of seven seats on the Internal Committee, which represents the Ceccato plant's workers in all negotiations with management. After the election, Owner Pietro Ceccato informed the committee that while he did not intend to interfere with democratic processes he felt that since CGIL opposed the productivity experiment he was now honor-bound to withdraw Ceccato from the project. Two months ago, after chewing on this idea for a bit, two of the four CGIL representatives turned in their CGIL cards and joined the anti-Communist union CISL (Italian Confederation of Workers' Trade Unions), thereby giving it control of the committee.

The Americans directly concerned with the Vicenza project are not particularly interested in boosting exports. Most of what marketing guidance Vicenza plants have received has consisted of advice to develop home markets. "The big thing," says Hockenberry, "is to find some way to fix it so that South Italians can buy what North Italians make." The real purpose of the Vicenza experiment, in other words, goes way beyond closing the dollar gap. The ultimate hope is that the corps of Italian productivity experts created by Vicenza-style projects will revolutionize Italian industry and eventually create in Italy something approaching the economy of abundance that has been developed in the U.S.

This is a huge dream castle to rest on the foundation of current accomplishments at Vicenza. But no doubts trouble FOA's James Hockenberry. "For some people this kind of work is just a job," he says. "For me it's a religion. I tell these Italian engineers: 'You're like teachers or priests. You must have some idea about what kind of Italy you'd like to live in or what kind of Italy you'd like your children to live in. Well, this way you can help make that kind of Italy.'"

NEWS IN PICTURES



Associated Press

JAW-TO-JAW pose, struck by FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover and Boxer Holly Spring of Ballerina, helped publicize dog show for Washington Boys' Club.



Associated Press



TRIPLE DEAD HEAT at Laurel, Md. saw Happy Bull (6), Noble Idea (3) and Weird Music (4) barely nose out Milldale (second from top) in a photo finish for third place.

International

PITCHING GOVERNOR, Ohio's Frank J. Lausche, shows → Little Leaguers high-stepping form he once used as professional player in Duluth, Minn. and Lawrence, Mass.



IRAQI FLOOD VICTIMS, trapped on Tigris River embankment after sudden thaw in mountains inundated 1,351 sq. mi., race

for supplies dropped by crewman sitting in door of U.S. helicopter that flew daily missions from base in Dhahran.

Associated Press



FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

"I Was the State"

Time and frustration had blurred the towering, bony frame and added flesh to the sad falcon face. But the manner was still much the same—the haughtiness, the imperious pride and, over it all, the toga of weary martyrdom. He strode in past the painted nudes and mirrored walls of Paris' Hotel Continental to a burst of applause. Hundreds of his admirers, as they always do, had clustered around the dais and monopolized most of the seats at the press conference, leaving newsmen to find seats where they could.

His arms outstretched in the gesture that once thrilled all France, General Charles de Gaulle, 63, spoke his mind. "France has a humane mission," he said. "[It] is undoubtedly to ensure that the two halves of the world do not cast themselves into the abyss . . . Above all, let us remain France, sovereign, independent and free!" His followers thundered applause.

"Go Right Ahead." For the first time in five months, the general had come out of the rural isolation of Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises (pop. 312) to exhort his withering but still formidable army into renewed assaults on the French government and its policies. For France's most powerful ally, he had recrimination: "The U.S. wishes to hold in check the Soviet block—but not engage its own troops . . . They sent money and material to Indo-China—but left the French to do the fighting. They are ready to arm any country to fight the Russians—and if necessary command their forces for them!" For U.S. Secretary of State Dulles, he had sarcasm and condescension: "When Mr. Foster Dulles conjured up in Paris the ghost of a dramatic revision of American policy . . . I am sure he could not help smiling. With the same smile, I answer him today: 'Do not mind us, dear friend. Go right ahead.'"

For the European Army, he had cold fury: "If ratified, [the treaty] would wrest from France her sovereignty for 50 years, which means forever . . . and would transfer to the American supreme commander the full right of deciding how France would be defended . . . It would dissolve France by merging her with vanquished Germany." For the French who support EDC, he had a threat: if the plan is approved, there will ensue "a state of permanent revolt" in France.

"Everybody Obeyed Me." De Gaulle's followers serenaded him with cries of delight and hand clapping, but most of all, they wanted to hear him on the issue then shaking all France. What about the affair of Marshal Juin? Two-star General de Gaulle placed seven-star Marshal Juin in his niche—"a great military chief who led to victory . . . the army I had confided to him"—and noted that the anti-EDC sentiments espoused by Juin (TIME, April

12) had been De Gaulle's for a long time. The Laniel government—with its "unspeakable mediocrity"—had no justification for firing the marshal.

Then, from the back of the hall, a non-Gaullist interrupted: "When you were head of the provisional government, would you have allowed a general officer—even a Marshal of France—to refuse to come at your order?"

Charles de Gaulle's face flushed. A huge fist crashed down on the table. "I," he stormed, "was France. I was the state, the government. I spoke in the name of France. I was the independence and sovereignty of France . . . That is why everybody obeyed me!" Toward the back of



AGIP—Black Star
GENERAL DE GAULLE
Alone? Not quite.

the room, he barked out: "Don't ask me any more questions like that!"

A follower spoke up. Would the general participate in Paris' great Tenth Anniversary Liberation observance on May 8? "How could I participate, I who have nothing official about me?" said he. Then the long arms stretched out in the old gesture. No, he would observe "the victory which it was my honor to bring to France" in his own way—not on May 8, but on May 9, the Feast Day of Joan of Arc. "I shall go to the Arch of Triumph . . . I will arrive alone—without followers . . . I will stand there—alone. I will salute the Unknown Soldier—alone."

But not quite all alone, it seemed: "I ask the people to be there to mark their remembrance of what was done to save the independence of France, which they intend to preserve. I ask the veterans of both wars and of Indo-China to surround the monument. The garrison of Paris will have to be there for honors and the sounding of trumpets, the glorious police

of Paris to keep order. All of us . . . will speak not a single word, will utter not a single cry. Above the calm of this immense silence will float the soul of France."

Charles de Gaulle stepped down from the dais and slowly, tiredly walked away.

KENYA

Massacre at Gathuini

On a hill outside Nyeri one day last week, 25 Mau Mau terrorists on the way to formal surrender were killed by a company of the King's African Rifles, in time of truce. Thus ended Operation China, the strange British attempt to win by negotiation what 6,000 British troops and a squadron of heavy bombers had failed to win by war: the surrender of Kenya's Mau Mau. Named for General China, the captured Mau Mau chieftain who saved himself from the gallows by promising to work with the British (TIME, March 8), Operation China had long remained as mysterious as the Mau Mau. From Nyeri, TIME Correspondent Alexander Campbell reported:

IN his death cell at Nairobi one day last February, China convinced his captors that the Mau Mau, reduced to dispirited remnants, were ready to surrender if the British would give a sign. On the order of the governor of Kenya, he was smuggled out of jail, disguised as an African policeman and flown to Nyeri, where he set to work to write letters to his Mau Mau colleagues. China's letters offered safe conduct to Mau Mau representatives if they would meet British officers to talk over a truce.

Men in Murderland. Two brave British policemen volunteered to deliver the letters. They were Special Branch Superintendent Ian Henderson, 27, and his strapping blond assistant, 32-year-old Bernard Ruck. Henderson is a slim, nutbrown Scot who grew up with Kikuyu children on his father's coffee farm. He speaks Swahili, Meru, Kamba, Kikuyu, French and Afrikaans. Day after day, following China's directions, Henderson and Ruck drove into the forest, unarmed and alone. The forest had eyes, and one captured Mau Mau reported a snatch of dialogue between two Mau Mau sentinels: "Which way will the white men come today?"

"By the old rhino trail."
"Then let us kill them."
"No. Let us wait to see what they will say."

Meeting of the Elders. Henderson and Ruck left China's letters in hollow trees or in cleft sticks planted in forest clearings. Once they took China with them, his curly head protruding from the turret of an armored car. Another time, Henderson, scouting on his own, hid behind a thick-fronted banana tree and watched a Mau Mau oath-taking ceremony in which the new members were forced to eat human

eyeballs gouged from still-living victims. The rite included other barbaric practices in sadism and sodomy.

Days and weeks passed, and the Mau Mau sent no reply. The news leaked out to Kenya's white settlers, and many of them denounced Operation China as "appeasement" and "a disgrace." But at last the Mau Mau answered, and most of their replies were favorable. A dozen terrorist "generals" from Mt. Kenya and the Aberdares agreed with China that the "white elders and the elders of the forest must meet to end the war."

It fell to Henderson and Ruck to meet the Mau Mau chiefs and escort them, under safe conduct, to talks with Major General George Heyman, the British chief of staff. The two policemen drove their jeeps deep into murderland. One big parley was ruined by sheer heavy-handedness. Major General Heyman arrived, but as the army communiqué put it, "the Mau Mau representatives came within a few hundred yards but something frightened them off." The "something" was 1,800 British and African infantrymen, poured into the area to protect the British brass.

Silence in the Rain. Henderson and Ruck persisted, and their patience paid off. To Karatina barracks one day last month came "General" Kareba, with an offer to join China and help to end the war. Later to Nyeri stockade, riding in Henderson's jeep, came two representatives of scarfed "Field Marshal" Russia, alias Dedan Kimathi, and four more from Mt. Kenya. The British released General Kareba to go back with Kimathi's men as a token of British good faith.

By last week a truce of sorts had been arranged. British Commander in Chief Sir George Erskine ordered his troops to avoid clashes, give the enemy a chance to surrender. For the first time in a year, the rain-drenched forests lay silent: no bombs dropped, no rifles were fired.

What would happen next depended on the Mau Mau leaders. They apparently disagreed. In the Aberdares, prisoners reported afterwards, Field Marshal Russia warned of a white man's trap: "Those who surrender . . . will be massacred by an atom bomb." But into General Gatamuki's camp came Truce-Talker Kareba, whom the British had released. He persuaded Gatamuki to give himself up.

"Nothing but Satisfaction." At mid-week the decisions were made. Down from their fastnesses the Mau Mau came in hundreds. Chief Gatamuki's band headed for a wooded hill overlooking the village of Gathuini. They were forbidden by the truce agreement to enter the Kikuyu reserve, but assembling after dark, Gatamuki's men pitched their camp about 350 yards inside the tribal boundary. They were spotted there by elements of the 7th Battalion, King's African Rifles, commanded by Brigadier John Reginald Orr.

Orr's young British officers and Negro soldiers were spoiling for a fight. They had seen too many mutilated corpses to have faith in the surrender plan, and since Gatamuki was camped illegally, he was

technically still fair game. During the night, the African riflemen were moved into position. In the morning, they opened fire with Sten guns, mortars and grenades. The Mau Mau fought back, but it was all over in a matter of minutes. Most of the Mau Mau fled, but behind them they left 25 dead, many wounded and General Gatamuki a prisoner. Protested Gatamuki: "We were on our way to surrender." Said Brigadier Orr: "I regard the action with nothing but satisfaction."

"We Shall Never Surrender." Orr did not know it, but his action was the death knell of Operation China. The news hit British headquarters like a tropical thunderstorm: there were conferences and ultimatums, but the only hope that remained lay with Policemen Henderson and Ruck. At week's end, the pair made one last



POLICEMEN HENDERSON & RUCK
A last rendezvous in the forest that has eyes.

brave attempt to make Operation China work. Heavily armed, but heavier still with bitter disappointment, they drove into a forest rendezvous. It was April 10, the deadline set for Mau Mau surrender; Kareba had promised to return with many chiefs who wanted to give up. Henderson and Ruck waited. No one came.

Many white settlers were delighted. "Told you so," they crowed. "Now let's go on with the war." General Erskine was rueful: "It nearly came off . . ." At week's end, British aircraft equipped with loudspeakers swanned low over the forest with a new message for the Mau Mau: "This was the day set for your surrender. Your emissaries failed to show up. Now our major offensive begins." British troops and African Home Guards swarmed onto Mt. Kenya, driving the startled Mau Mau into ambush after ambush. Many did not know the truce had ended, and they died without knowing what hit them. But the Mau Mau accepted the challenge. "The white man tricked us," one terrorist said.

"Our brothers were lured to their deaths. Now we shall never surrender." Said a thoughtful Kenya settler: "The Mau Mau war may go on for years. Perhaps Kenya died at Gathuini."

BELGIUM

Gains for the Socialists

More than 5,000,000 Belgians went to the polls last week (voting is compulsory) for the first national election in four years. Premier Jean Van Houtte's Social Christian (Catholic) Party, which has had a slim parliamentary majority, emerged from the election still the largest party, but it lost so many seats that Van Houtte submitted his resignation. King Baudouin asked him to stay as a while as caretaker. Biggest gainer: Paul-Henri Spaak's So-

cialists. A coalition government with Socialist participation is certain, but whether the Socialists team up with the Social Christians or with the third-place Liberals is still to be seen.

While Socialist Leader Paul-Henri Spaak—an ardent supporter of NATO, EDC and a unified Europe—is presumably the leading choice for Premier, there is a chance that he will prefer to be Foreign Minister instead.

LUXEMBOURG

Two to Go

Fourth nation to ratify EDC: the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg (pop. 300,000), last week, by a parliamentary vote of 46 to 4 (the four are Communists). Already recorded for ratification: Belgium, The Netherlands, West Germany. Still to decide: Italy, France.

Luxembourg's contribution to the European Army: three infantry battalions, one of artillery.

INDO-CHINA

The Colonel's Week

A slim woman in a blue linen suit spoke into the radiotelephone at French GHQ: "This is Mme. de Castries calling Dienbienphu. Is that you, darling?" In the fortress command post 175 miles away, Colonel de Castries came to the set. Asked Mme. de Castries: "Are you all right, Christian?" Said the colonel: "Never better." Mme. de Castries warned of the coming monsoon: "I hope your raincoat has not been destroyed." The colonel later messaged his wife for razor blades and shaving cream. "He is extremely confident," Mme. de Castries told a London *Daily Express* reporter. "I know he'll be safe."

Aside from Mme. de Castries' reassuring radio calls and her air-dropped food and wine packages, it was another difficult week for the colonel. His biggest job: strengthening his cracked fortifications, keeping up the morale of his weary 12,000-man force. His best news: several hundred paratroop reinforcements. His biggest problem: hundreds of wounded men, who cannot be evacuated due to Communist interdiction of the airstrip; some of them have died for lack of special medical care. All week, too, the colonel could hear Red loudspeakers mock him: "You'll never get your general's stars." Despite President Eisenhower's suggestion, the French government decided that it would not promote him until the battle's result was in.

At week's end the colonel himself restarted the fighting. De Castries threw out

a battalion, with light tanks in support, against a cluster of Red outposts to the northeast. Three and a half hours later, the Communists withdrew. Red General Giap put in five counterattacks, but the colonel held his gains.

Back at Hanoi, French GHQ optimistically noted that Giap's fourth counterattack showed "definite lack of conviction," and the tired, outnumbered French garrison is still given a 50-50 chance to hold Dienbienphu.

The Airdrop

TIME Correspondent John Mecklin flew with a French air-force unit one night last week as it dropped paratroop reinforcements into besieged Dienbienphu. His report:

In the bare, dimly lit squadron headquarters at Hanoi's Bach Mai Airfield, the lieutenant colonel pulled on his overalls and told us: "The operation tonight is called Polo. The drop planes are Banjo One, Two, Three, and so on. Ours is the command plane, but we will also carry a load of 60 parachute flares to drop if the Viet Minh attacks and our comrades on the ground need light for shooting. Our radio identification is *Luciole*. Let's go."

At 2212 hours, *Luciole*, a battered C-47 of countless missions, heaved reluctantly down the runway and climbed through the moonlit mist. The crew started preparing flares, and their job was typical of the makeshift means the French must so often use in Indo-China. The flares were designed for bomb-bay release, but tonight

they would have to be shoved by hand from the C-47's door. The delicate business of arming them must be done after take-off. A sergeant flung one flare tail cap on the floor and swore. "It's defective," he grumbled. "This happens all the time. The bombs are too old." He pointed to the date stenciled on the flare bomb by its U.S. manufacturer: 1943.

The Chinese Accent. Crew Chief Sergeant Robert H. appeared with a jug of coffee. He said that this was about his 30th mission to Dienbienphu. What's it like? "Haven't you heard? The Viets have flak guns," he replied. "It gives you some interesting sensations. Forgive us please, *messieurs*, there's no sugar for the coffee." Sergeant K. interrupted: "It's tougher on the ground." Sergeant H. continued: "Last night we had to make six passes over the drop zone. The first one was O.K. Then the Viets spotted us. Tracers came up *zzzt zzzt zzzt* all around us. Our plane was hit 13 times." That sort of shooting at night is conclusive evidence that the Viet Minh gunners have Chinese radar. Said Sergeant K.: "They shoot with a Chinese accent."

An hour out from Hanoi, Colonel D. blacked out the plane. A few minutes later, Sergeant K., hunched over a radio set, reported: "We have contact with Dienbienphu." Deep down below us, a brilliant white light floated in the air for a few seconds, then died out—perhaps a Communist mortar flare. *Luciole* started weaving on a gentle, irregular pattern.

The Flick of Death. The night was cloudless but hazy. The four main French strong points were blacked out except for shielded lights in a special pattern to guide Banjo One, Two & Co. into the drop zone. From *Luciole*, the zone looked pitifully small—500 meters at the southern end of the main airstrip—and the slightest miscalculation of wind or navigation could make a parachute, whatever its cargo, drift into the barbed wire or the Viet Minh lines. At intervals of a few seconds, sometimes minutes, there were more lights—delicate white fragments in the blackness. Some were Viet shells hammering the French positions. Some were French shells reaching out into the foothills, where the Communists were gathering for their third offensive. Flicks of light came and vanished before the eye could focus on them, and each flick meant the risk of death for the man below.

The drop planes went in. Paratroopers leaped out to reinforce the garrison. At 2350, air-ground liaison reported: "So far, all goes well. Every stick has hit the drop zone." *Luciole* lazied on through the sky. The colonel scribbled notes on the traffic below. The crew chief began a letter to his wife: "*Ma chère petite*." Above us, Privateer bombers also kept vigil, waiting like *Luciole*'s flares for a Communist attack. The French keep bombers and at least one flare plane in relays over Dienbienphu every night.

The Lone Beacon. At 0050, air-ground reported: "Banjo Six is going in." Tracers arched over the drop zone. On Banjo Six's second pass, there were more enemy trac-



GENERAL GIAP & HO CHI MINH
From their foes, Banjo music.

ers and white bursts of flak following the plane, Banjo Six reported one hit but no casualties. At 0103, a mortar flare bloomed over the drop zone and revealed, for an elusive moment, the trenches and scarred earth below. Then mortar shells burst in angry red balls across the drop zone. For the paratroopers that was the toughest drop of the night.

We resumed our vigil. "We are lucky tonight," said Sergeant K. "The Viets are being polite." Two hours later, it was time for us to head back to Hanoi, and Sergeant K. radioed brief word down to the defenders of Dienbienphu: "End for me. See you tomorrow." As *Luciole* turned homeward, the drop-zone lights blinked out save for one lone navigation beacon in the dark, a bright symbol of the garrison's famous stand.

ITALY

Preventing Paralysis

Standing before the Chamber of Deputies last week, Premier Mario Scelba said: "I have the honor to present . . . the law for the European Defense Community." A left-wing voice cried out: "You call that an honor?" and the Communists and Nenni (pro-Communist) Socialists set up a chorus of hoots and jeers at Scelba.

Later, before 50,000 dirt farmers gathered in convention in Rome, Scelba said: "The Communists, from their point of view, are right to oppose EDC, because every act which tends to make our democracy stronger only makes more improbable their dream of world domination . . . The Reds say EDC menaces peace. It is not true. They tried to convince the Italian people that the Atlantic pact would provoke war. But behold, five years have passed and . . . war is further away than ever. Why, even Russia has formally asked to join the Atlantic pact . . . We have learned a lot about the Communists. We shall not permit Parliament to suffer paralysis. The government will do its duty without boasting, but without weakness."

Scelba did not say what he would do to oppose Communist filibustering and roughhousing in the Chamber when EDC comes up for action. One plan under discussion: if the Reds (and the neo-Fascists, who also oppose EDC) again start throwing inkblots, tearing up desks and making football charges into Demo-Christian ranks, government movie cameras in the galleries will film the proceedings, which will then be shown to the Italian people.

Scelba's biggest difficulty is the precarious nature of his own four-party majority. Last week the Communists offered a budget amendment reducing the Premier's "secret funds" from \$800,000 to \$400,000. As usual in secret ballots, voting was done by means of little black and white balls (white for yes, black for no). The Red amendment won a headline majority, 281 to 276—apparently because some disgruntled coalition Deputies (Demo-Christians or others) tossed their voting balls into the corridor instead of the ballot boxes. When the discarded balls



"KING" JOHN, BRITISH FRIENDS & "QUEEN" DAPHNE
Against evil, security dancing.

were found, Scelba's men got the vote invalidated. The amendment was not important enough to involve a vote of confidence. This week, cracking the whip before the Easter recess, Mario Scelba's leadership put the issue to a vote again, and squeaked through, 295 to 284.

COCOS ISLANDS

Respite

Bound for Ceylon after an exhausting three-month-long visit to Australia and New Zealand, Britain's globe-girdling Queen Elizabeth last week stopped to pay a brief call on one of her quietest realms: Cocos Islands, a tiny atoll lying 800 miles south of Singapore in the Indian Ocean. In happy contrast to the wildly cheering crowds that greeted her elsewhere, Elizabeth's Cocosian subjects, gathered 560 strong on Home Island, stood in dignified silence as she stepped ashore with her husband. Clad, men and women alike, in sarongs and transparent ceremonial jackets, they waved little Union Jacks and smiled shyly until the ice was broken by a sudden ringing cheer from a group of Australian airmen from nearby West Island.

There was little need for the six-man detachment of special police sent over from Singapore, or for the Queen's own bodyguards, as Elizabeth strolled among her subjects in Cocos. There, everybody knows everybody else, and all security arrangements necessary were adequately handled by two Malay dancers who gyrated gracefully before the royal party, sweeping the evil spirits from the path. Even this precaution was excessive, for under the benevolent tyranny of five generations of Scottish copra growers named Clunies-Ross, who own the Cocos and rule there under the eye of the British government as virtual kings, the Cocosians have achieved a state of social security that is virtually free of crime, disease and the

other evil spirits that plague most men.

When her brief inspection tour was over (distance traveled: 500 yards), Britain's Queen settled down to enjoy a garden party at Oceana House, the royal palace of the present "King" of Cocos, John Clunies-Ross, 25, and his beautiful "Queen" Daphne, whom he wooed and won in London in 1951. Garbed in a Molyneux gown and feathered hat flown from England for the occasion, Daphne Clunies-Ross, who in the last three years has grown used to island barefoot fashions, was plainly uncomfortable in her high-heeled shoes.

After a pleasant three hours spent chatting with the islanders and the local white population (Australian airmen and their wives from West Island and the cable station men from Direction) and listening to native music, the royal couple set forth again, bearing delicate ship models as gifts for their children. King Ross himself stood by the wheel of their barge to guide it through the atoll's tricky shoals back to the *Gothic*, bound for Ceylon and more ceremonies, more crowds.

GREAT BRITAIN

Death of the Comet I

A downward column of smoke and a few bits of floating debris last week severely set back the world's bravest post-war experiment in civil aviation. One more British Comet, the third of the swift jet liners in less than a year, crumpled in mid-air and plunged into the Tyrrhenian Sea, killing all on board.

Operated by South African Airways, a partner of BOAC, the Comet *Yoke Yoke* was on its regular scheduled flight from London to Johannesburg. Barely 16 days had elapsed since BOAC lifted the ban that had grounded its Comet fleet following the last fatal crash (TIME, Jan. 18), but *Yoke Yoke's* 21 passengers were



MONNET & HUMPHREY IN WASHINGTON
Problems—eternal if possible.

Horris & Ewing

brimming with confidence. Waiting for take-off at Rome's Ciampino Airport, one of the three Americans, a Massachusetts shoe-parts manufacturer named Ray Wilkinson, said to his companion: "This is progress. Sure, they've had accidents, but everything is O.K. now."

At 7:25 p.m., in perfect flying weather, the Comet took off. Thirty minutes later its radio advised the airport: "Air speed 360, altitude 26,000, making altitude." Nothing more was heard of Comet Yoke Yoke until the message flashed around the world: another Comet is down.

Boom, Boom, Boom. At latitude 39° 12 min. north, longitude 15° 28 min. east, some 30 miles north of Stromboli and less than 360 miles southeast of Elba, the scene of the last Comet crash, a search plane sighted a spreading oil slick. Hours later a U.S. pilot radioed his base: "One after the other, boom, boom, boom, three bodies came up quick . . ."

From a British naval helicopter an airman was lowered into the water to pick up what looked like a body. "Got it," he said, but all he had was a pair of trousers shorn off at the knees. A motorboat crew threw a grappling hook at what looked like another body. It was a shark and two pilot fish. Five bodies were recovered, three men and two women, and doctors who examined them were struck by the similarity of their injuries to those suffered in the Comet disaster off Elba. There were no significant burn marks, no sign of oxygen lack. The faces showed no sign of fear: death had come too suddenly for that.

In Britain there was consternation, for the Comet was a heady symbol of Britain's postwar comeback. For the second time in 13 weeks, the Comet fleet was grounded. Civil Aviation Minister Lennox-Boyd announced that the Comets' certificate of airworthiness would be withdrawn "pending further detailed investi-

gations." No one in Britain would admit it, but the writing on the wall was plain. Comet I, after flying 55,000 passengers more than 7,000,000 miles, was unlikely to carry passengers again.

The Trouble. What was wrong with the Comet? Last week's crash was identical with that off Elba. Both occurred in the same sudden fashion, in the same area, just as the aircraft were climbing to cruising altitude at 40,000 feet. Some Britons leaped to the theory that there might have been sabotage. But engineers on both sides of the Atlantic more realistically suspected structural defects. U.S. engineers have argued all along that the Comet was put into commercial service prematurely, and questioned details of its design. Chief question: How safe is the British practice of embedding jet engines in the wing roots of multijet aircraft? Embedding improves the streamlining, but for safety's sake, U.S. jet builders prefer to suspend their engines in jet-pods hanging below the wings. Boeing B-47 jet bombers have been landed safely after losing a disabled jet, but in the Comet's case, a fire or explosion in the engines would be likely to damage the wing. At the time of the Elba crash, De Havilland was in the process of modifying its Comets to guard against this danger—adding armor-plated shields to prevent loosened blades from the turbine from being thrown into the fuel tanks, improving the "engine breathers," installing more fire detectors. These recent changes apparently made no difference in Yoke Yoke's case.

In its bigger and faster Comet IIs (due to be put into service later this year), De Havilland intends to install more safety devices. Its long-term hopes are still centered on the Comet III, which is on order for Pan American, but which will almost certainly be redesigned in the light of last week's disaster.

WESTERN EUROPE

Growing Pains

"I expect we will have problems between us," said Jean Monnet last week. "But I hope our problems will be eternal, for that would be a sign of the vitality of our relationship."

As president of the High Authority of the European Coal & Steel Community, Jean Monnet was in Washington seeking a little help for the six-nation Schuman Plan combine, which is the only supranational organization now doing business in Europe.^{*} Dapper, hard-working Monnet is an idealist—he wants a united Europe—who talks in practical plans. Around a large oval table in the State Department, Monnet and his advisers conferred with Secretary of State Dulles and Treasury Secretary Humphrey.

The Schuman Plan will have its second birthday next August. In handling its six member nations' coal, iron ore and steel, it has, in large part, done away with some old nuisances such as customs, quotas and double prices, but its battle is far from finished: it is still fighting entrenched European cartelism, restrictionism, and protectionism. Monnet wants a U.S. loan—not a gift—for modernization, which he hopes will raise productivity, lower prices and stimulate European investment. Monnet had originally hoped for \$500 million, but is reconciled to something around \$100 million. Apart from the money, the loan will be welcome as a gesture of U.S. support. Jean Monnet needs that very much at this point.

Many of the High Authority's troubles stem from difficulties inherent in the task, and from difficult men. But most of all, its crisis is just a microcosm of the crisis of Western Europe itself. The Schuman Plan was meant to be an economic counterpart of EDC's military partnership. So long as France hesitates over EDC and so long as France's suspicion of Germany is met by German resentment of France, so long will Monnet's brainchild be a sickly youngster in a household of quarreling parents.

GREECE

Nine Resignations

Soldier-Premier Alexander Papagos called in the top men of his government last week and asked for their resignations. Having received them, he accepted the resignations of seven Cabinet ministers and two under secretaries. Then he replaced the departing nine with relatively obscure men from the ranks of the Greek Rally, Papagos' coalition party. The move, said 70-year-old Premier Papagos, was designed to give others a fair chance to learn the complicated machinery of government.

Connoisseurs of political intrigue which means nearly every coffee drinker

* The six partners are the same as those proposed for EDC: France, Italy, West Germany, Belgium, The Netherlands, Luxembourg.



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Favorite of experienced travelers, sails from New York to Cohn in 5½ days, 6½ to Havre, 7 to Southampton, 8 to Bremerhaven; May 15, June 4, June 26, July 16, Aug. 5, Aug. 27, Sept. 18, and regularly thereafter. *First Class* \$295 up; *Cabin* \$200 up; *Tourist* \$160 up.



Their Majesties King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece chose the s.s. UNITED STATES for their recent crossing to this country. They are shown here in the ship's romantic coral and crystal ballroom.



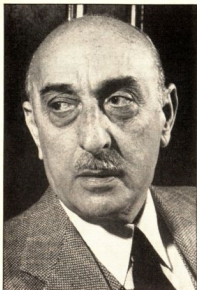
Mr. and Mrs. Ogden R. Reid and their son, Stewart, on the UNITED STATES: "Her performance is only matched by her service and delicious cooking. It was great fun to be on board," Mr. Reid is President, N. Y. Herald Tribune, European Edition.



Dr. James P. Baxter III, the President of Williams College, and Mrs. Baxter: "We enjoyed the trip on the AMERICA so much I'm rapidly running out of superlatives. We're delighted with everything. Never saw a more spotless or better-run ship."

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afloat or ashore*

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Fenno Jacobs

PREMIER PAPAGOS

The coffee drinkers had a theory.

in the Athens cafés) had another explanation: Papagos was fortifying his position in case of an open struggle with Spyros Markezinis, the ex-Minister of Economic Planning. Markezinis, whose ruthless, unpopular pruning had done much to restore Greece to economic health, had asked for the post of Vice Premier; Papagos had turned him down (TIME, April 12). The coffee house connoisseurs could not quite explain why these two men—who in their disparate ways had done so much for their country—should now be at loggerheads.

It seemed incredible that proud old Papagos should simply be jealous of Markezinis; it seemed more plausible that a Markezinis grasping for power should be (in Papagos' view) bound to make trouble. By shaking up his Cabinet, Papagos managed to strengthen his own control of the government. But significantly enough, he announced that there would be no change in economic policy, and kept at the top Cabinet jobs two stalwart Markezinis men, Economic Minister Thanos Kapsalis and Finance Minister Constantine Papayannis.

MIDDLE EAST

Plain Talk

The Eisenhower Administration has proclaimed a policy of "impartial friendship" in the bitter, and sometimes bloody, quarrel between Israel and her Arab neighbors. Just how impartial that policy is, and how frank a friend can be, could be measured last week by a little-reported but significant statement of official U.S. attitudes.

The statement came from Henry A. Byroade, Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern, South Asian and African Affairs, and it had the prior approval of John Foster Dulles. Speaking in Ohio, before members of the Dayton World Af-

fairs Council, West Pointer Byroade had some plain-spoken advice on the Middle East for both sides:

"To the Israelis I say that you should come to truly look upon yourselves as a Middle Eastern state, and see your own future in that context rather than as a headquarters—or nucleus so to speak—of worldwide groupings of peoples of a particular religious faith who must have special rights within and obligations to the Israeli state. You should drop the attitude of the conqueror and the conviction that force and a policy of retaliatory killings is the only policy that your neighbors will understand. You should make your deeds correspond to your frequent utterance of the desire for peace.

"To the Arabs I say you should accept this state of Israel as an accomplished fact. I say further that you are deliberately attempting to maintain a state of affairs delicately suspended between peace and war, while at present desiring neither. This is a most dangerous policy, and one which world opinion will increasingly condemn, if you continue to resist any move to obtain at least a less dangerous modus vivendi with your neighbor."

RUSSIA

Day of the Birds

Long before the Christians or the Communists got to Russia, pent finches, larks, blackbirds and pigeons were let out of their cages to symbolize the coming of spring. As time passed, the freeing of birds became part of the annual celebration of the Orthodox Feast of the Annunciation. Even under the stern materialism of Soviet rule, Russia's common man, himself pent beyond hope, continued to find a fleeting moment of freedom in the liberation of small winged creatures on April 7, the Day of the Birds.

This year, as spring came again to Russia, Moscow's sprawling Kotelnikovsky Bird Market was once more achatter with chattering demands for freedom. Russian shoppers dug deep into their jeans for the three rubles (75¢) it cost to watch a caged bird soaring freely once more.

INDONESIA

Onward Moslem Soldiers

Scattered through Indonesia (whose 80 million people make it the world's largest Moslem state) is a minority of some 4,000,000 Christians. Last week A. M. Tambunan, leader of the Christian Party, submitted a memorandum to Parliament deploring a growing campaign of terror against his people in southern Celebes. Roving bands of Moslem terrorists in the Celebes, said he, have forced more than 6,000 Christians to adopt Islam under penalty of death. Many others have been tortured and killed. Bibles have been torn up and used as cigarette paper, while more than 20 churches have been turned into mosques. "These deplorable events," said Mr. Tambunan, "are increasing in number every day."

Deputy Prime Minister and Security



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Chief K.R.T. Wongsongoro expressed regret but added that the terror took place in a part of the country controlled by armed rebels. The only way to stop the persecution was to launch an all-out military offensive against the rebels. The government, said Wongsongoro, had long been planning such an offensive, and \$30 million was already earmarked to get it under way—one of these days.

JAPAN

The Hon. Dollars

Photographers' flashbulbs and shopkeepers' eyes popped in happy unison as the sleek green Cunard luxury liner *Caronia* tied up at a Kobe pier side. "A particularly wonderful group," clucked an official of the Japan Travel Bureau as a long line of Helen Hokinson ladies and balding gentlemen picked their way down the gangplank. "I should estimate that they came 95% to buy souvenirs and only 5% for sightseeing—a tedious business anyway."

Remembering the carefree days when tourism earned them more money from overseas than even the silk textile business, the Japanese had looked forward eagerly to the well-advertised arrival of the *Caronia*, for its staterooms were filled with the most expensive collection of dollar-heavy souvenir hunters ever to hit the Ginza. In accommodations that cost from \$2,750 (for a B-deck cabin with two bunks) to \$29,000 (for a main deck suite), they had come from the U.S. (500 of them in all) to see the Pacific in style over a leisurely 99 days, picking up memories and mementos in exotic ports from Pitcairn Island to Singapore. In Kobe, the first of two stops in Japan, they lost no time adding to the collection. Heading virtually en masse for the Great Circle department store, they bought out its entire stock of high-priced screens, dolls and kimonos. "Incredible," murmured one dazed floor manager, "the more expensive the items, the better they sold."

In city after city, the expensive plundering went on. In Kyoto, a taxi driver exclaimed in bewilderment over a 3,000 yen (\$8) tip for a 100 yen (28¢) fare. Pausing briefly to glance at Tokyo's famed Thunder Gate, one group of 40 plunged into the Japanese capital's shopping district followed by a truck in which to carry their purchases back to the Imperial Hotel. One persistent matron spotted a decorative street lantern erected by the city in honor of the Cherry Festival. "I want that," she demanded, collaring a nearby shopkeeper. "I did not want to offend her," said the helpless Japanese, "but I could not sell her a municipal street decoration. After a moment, she gave me a look of unutterable disgust and proceeded on her way."

Last week, by the time the *Caronia* left Japan for Honolulu and home, she had left behind some \$300,000 in good convertible currency. "They were so nice, so charming," cooed a Japanese official over the departed tourists, "and so very, very rich."

TIME, APRIL 19, 1954



1. Captain Kidd, the pirate man, peered through his glass and said, "Land ho! Me lads, I think I see a Statler right ahead. I've sailed the seven seas for years and earned a little rest. This pirate life has tired me—I'll be a Statler guest."

2. When shown into his Statler room, Cap Kidd was quite surprised, "Well, blow me down, this room's so large my ship seems undersized. Mates, everything's so ship-shape here, I don't know who to thank. I swear this bunk's the softest yet—if wrong, I'll walk the plank."



3. "Who polished up this place?" he cried. "This Statler bath is great. Just find that lad so spic and span, I'll make that boy first mate." And splashing in that roomy tub Cap Kidd began to sing, "Such waves of suds and foam-white towels deserve a pirate king."



4. The dinner was the best of all with Statler's famous food. The Captain was beside himself—in quite a roguish mood. "They're lucky I'm retiring, that my pirate days are through—or else I'd steal that chef of theirs to feed my hungry crew."



5. Out on the good ship *Skull and Bones*, the pirates' mood was black. They marched into the heart of town to get their Captain back. And there they found old Captain Kidd who told them with a grin, "I've found the treasure-trove at last. It's Statler, lads. Come in."



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TWO GREAT NEW STATLERs—HARTFORD • DALLAS
(Opening summer, 1954) (Opening fall, 1955)

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Still in the Black

For the eighth consecutive fiscal year, booming Canada wound up with a budget surplus. The 1954-55 budget, presented to Parliament last week, reported a \$10 million surplus from last year. That was the smallest since 1946, too small to permit any income-tax cuts, but still big enough to keep Canada in the select group of countries currently operating in the black.

Earlier Warning

U.S. and Canadian defense officials gave a guarded glimpse last week of a new system of electronic detection stations designed to protect North America's heartland from Soviet air attack. The new line, lying "generally to the north of the settled territory in Canada," would provide earlier warning of intruding aircraft than the Pinetree Chain of interlocking radar stations, already in operation from coast to coast above the Canadian border.

Best guess was that the new stations will employ robot-controlled electronic devices. Since it is not necessary to man every station of the system, its cost should be far less than that of the more elaborate radar chain.

THE AMERICAS

Exile at Large

Latin America's most celebrated political refugee went free last week. Looking plumper and paler after five years of jail-like sanctuary in Colombia's embassy in Lima, Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, 59, arrived safely in Mexico City. The famed leader of Peru's Indian masses, who had been accused of masterminding a bloody revolt in 1948, doffed his floppy hat and bowed to a cheering crowd that met him.

Colombian and Peruvian diplomats had worked out a face-saving compromise to end their long, bitter deadlock over Haya. As part of the deal, Peru's Minister of Justice took Haya into technical custody for one hour, then drove him to the airport—where a watchful motorcycle cop followed the departing plane right to the end of the runway.

From Panama, Haya cabled his Colombian hosts in Lima: "All's well that ends well." In Mexico he told the friends who flocked around that he had passed the silent years by writing three books and reading thousands of them. Once the organizer of Latin America's only Indian mass movement, the left-wing APRA Party, Haya now bubbled with plans to write, speak and travel. Said he: "I consider myself lucky to be alive . . . Now I must start all over again."

Today, Haya's party is shattered and outlawed. Peru's President Manuel Odría, who dealt the Apristas their knockout blow, has stabilized his country with public works and measures against inflation. Like most Latin politicians who invoke



REFUGEE HAYA IN MEXICO
"All's well that ends well."

the right of asylum, Haya is now free once more to scheme and dream of a comeback. But the obstacles in his path appear greater than at any time in his stormy career.

COLOMBIA

No School Today

The Colombian islands of San Andrés and Providencia, two palm-shaded dots in the Caribbean off Nicaragua, are predominantly Protestant, partly through ancient precedent. They were first colonized by English Puritans about the same time other Puritans were landing on Plymouth Rock. Though the original colonists died out and the islands were later resettled with African slaves from the West Indies, the heritage of tongue and religion somehow endured. The 6,000-odd black-skinned, English-speaking islanders who live there now are 80% Baptist, 15% Seventh-Day Adventist, 5% Roman Catholic. Their pride and joy are their schools; literacy is 100%, compared to the Colombian mainland average of 56%. From the islands last week came jolting news that a Spanish priest, named as Inspector of Education for the islands by the Colombian government, had shut down the Protestant schools.

The inspector's shutdown, newest in a five-year series of official and unofficial anti-Protestant blows in Colombia, stems from an agreement between the government and the Vatican. The agreement makes the islands one of 18 Colombian

"mission territories" reserved to Catholics. It was signed three years ago, when Catholic, arch-Conservative Laureano Gómez was President.

President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla is more moderate, but seemingly feels that he must go right down the line with his Conservative Party on its most heartfelt plank, union of church and state. He has increasingly turned the agreement against the Protestants. Such actions inevitably get Colombia a bad press abroad; sensitive Colombians may be astonished to learn that their country is well on the way to earning a reputation for bigotry second, among Western nations, only to Spain.

Protestants contend that the official attitude "contravenes the principles of religious liberty." Colombians often reply that the mainland Protestant missionaries, notably the bell-ringing Jehovah's Witnesses, start the trouble by being offensively aggressive in 100% Catholic areas. But that argument hardly applied to the islands, where last week 600 Protestant children had no classrooms to go to except in a few crowded government schools taught by Capuchin friars.

VIRGIN ISLANDS

Governor of All

When Archie Alexander, a lifelong Republican, landed one day last week in pastel-painted Charlotte Amalie, the sign on the hangar that says "Harry S. Truman Airport" was tactfully shrouded by a big welcome banner. Next day Alexander, a Negro contractor from Des Moines, climbed up on the back seat of a crimson Chevrolet convertible and headed a brass-band parade up the Kronprindsengade (Crown Prince Street) and down the Dronningsgade (Queen Street). At the Emancipation Garden where the Danes² freed their slaves in 1848, he was sworn in as the first Republican governor of the Virgin Islands (pop. 26,665, of whom 91% are of Negro or mixed blood).

In his inaugural address, Alexander promised to be "governor of all and every segment of the population . . . Prejudice is born in ignorance and dispelled by knowledge." He got it on the record early that "we've room on these islands for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the Red flag." He pledged himself to work for a bigger tourist trade ("but an economy based on the tourist trade alone is not a stable one"), to aid schools, to help end the islands' water shortage.

Governor Alexander, now 65, was born in Ottumwa, Iowa. The son of a janitor, he worked his way through the University of Iowa, was a three-letter football tackle, graduated in engineering in 1912. He formed his own contracting business two years later and is now head of prosperous

² Who in 1917 sold the islands (St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix) to the U.S. for \$25 million.



FRAGRANT LILAC BLOOMS LINE BLUFF ABOVE OTTAWA RIVER OPPOSITE CANADA'S STATELY PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

OTTAWA IN THE SPRING

PROUD citizens of Ottawa boast that few national capitals can surpass the natural setting of Canada's, and never is the city more beautiful than in the first bright weeks of spring. Within a matter of days, the ice and snow retreat, and Ottawa erupts in a blaze of color. The city parks become sweeping vistas of tulips, crocuses, scillas and narcissuses. Private gardeners add their own solid masses of varicolored blooms. One notable contributor; Queen Juliana of The Netherlands, who spent her World War II exile in Ottawa, sends the city 16,000 tulip bulbs a year.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY KARSH, OTTAWA

COTTAGE TULIPS (red Grenadiers and white Carraras), massed on corner slope, provide bank of bright color in residential area.





HILLSIDE ROCK GARDEN, in fashionable Rockcliffe suburb, surrounds plantings of tulips with pink phlox, lavender aubrietia, deep purple iris, white arabis and yellow euphorbia.



BLUE SCILLAS, among the earliest-blooming spring bulbs, are planted on Parliament Hill to form borders around shrubs.

NARCISSUS CARPET in woods is made by scattering bulbs from shovels and planting them where they fall. Different varieties, blooming in sequence, provide color for two weeks.

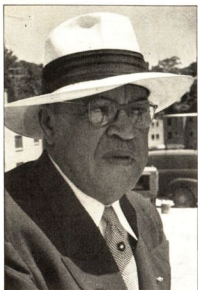






VARIEGATED TULIPS (Elisabeth Evers), reaching for light on shaded banks of the Rideau Canal, bring speckle of two-

toned coloring to garden of lacy ferns, Ottawa's 750,000 tulips include 200 varieties, ranging from deep mahogany to white.



Hank Walker—Life
GOVERNOR ALEXANDER
Room for but one flag.

Alexander & Repass, builders (among many projects) of Washington's K Street Freeway along the Potomac.

Alexander replaces Morris de Castro, a white islander who has served the island government for 35 years, as acting governor at various times during the '40s and as governor since 1950. Island Republicans are happy with Alexander, an early Ike supporter. Said one woman member of the Republican reception committee, shoving chairs around in preparation for the post-inauguration reception at Government House: "I've waited 20 years to rearrange this furniture."

NICARAGUA

Tacho's Close Call

After narrowly escaping assassination last week, Nicaragua's durable Dictator Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza smashed what appeared to be the best-organized conspiracy to overthrow him since he grabbed power 20 years ago.

Aided by members of the reactivated Caribbean Legion, who crossed the border from Costa Rica for the purpose, Nicaraguan rebels planned to ambush Tacho after a reception at the U.S. embassy residence outside Managua. When a party guest happened to notice suspicious movements outside the residence, and Tacho's troops rushed to investigate, the ambushers fled. Next day, one plottor lost his nerve and told all to the police.

The President declared a state of siege, and ordered his National Guard to track down the rebels. By week's end, he announced that it was all over, with 20-odd Caribbean legionnaires killed, some 20 other rebels captured, two of his own men dead. Tacho was most put out because the rebels had planned to assassinate him. "Hell," he rumbled, "it's no crime to overthrow a government in a fair fight, but murder is something else."



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CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE!"

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

The world's noisiest lovebirds, Cine-mactress **Zsa Zsa Gabor**, whose California divorce from Cinemactor **George Sanders** will become final next April; and Dominican Playboy **Porfirio Rubirosa**, who will be divorced by Heiress **Barbara Hutton** in Paris any month now, flew separately from the U.S. to Paris and immediately began a well-publicized twittering. With some 30 newsmen and photographers in tow, Zsa Zsa, got up in a man-killing black ensemble, glided into a flossy Montparnasse bistro and cornered her pomaded prey. As the cameras converged on him, Rubirosa snarled at the photographers: "You'll not take any pictures of me with Miss Gabor." Actress Gabor, making the most of a big emotional scene, quietly began to cry. Unmoved, Rubirosa curled his lip and told her: "Get out! I don't need you!" Zsa Zsa went—by taxi straight to Rubirosa's Paris home, where she was a house guest. By late next afternoon, their little spat was lost in a welter of cooing. Zsa Zsa, looking wan but well, cantered off with Rubi for a pastoral horseback ride through the burgeoning Bois de Boulogne.

After a vacation in Key West, Fla., Playwright **Tennessee (A Streetcar Named Desire) Williams** passed through an old locale of his, New Orleans, and announced that all his work had resulted in some play. Title of his latest: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

A member of Italy's Chamber of Deputies casually inquired of **Premier Mario Scelba** if he "intends to ask the U.S. Government for an act of clemency" in behalf of the pixilated U.S. poet, **Ezra (Pisan)**



ASSOCIATED PRESS
PORFIRIO RUBIROSA & HOUSE GUEST
A noisy twittering.

Cantos) Pound, 68. After more than 30 years as an expatriate, Pound began spouting the Fascist line for **Mussolini** in World War II broadcasts from Rome and Milan. But it was hard to define just what might constitute "clemency" for Pound. In 1945 he escaped trial for treason because he was adjudged insane, and has since whiled away his declining years translating Confucius in a Washington, D.C. mental hospital.

Comic **Jimmy Durante**, who once carried \$100,000 worth of insurance on his celebrated nose, had reason to regret letting the policy lapse. While rehearsing a TV show with Schmaltz Pianist **Liberace**, Jimmy had a long-overdue accident, best described in his own words: "There's this piano scene. I'm playin' a duet wit Liberace. So I hits two notes, he hits two notes.



INTERNATIONAL
JIMMY DURANTE
A mortifyin' experience.

Then I say, 'In a competition, you got to use all your weapons.' So I starts to play wit my nose. So Liberace comes over and accidentally touches the piano-key lid and it comes down on my nose." Sadly stroking his bandaged pride & joy, Durante murmured: "A mortifyin' experience..."

India's Prime Minister **Jawaharlal Nehru**, who holds that "the spectacle of what is called religion... has filled me with horror," exposed himself to the spectacle again last week and proceeded to horrify the devout. At the dedication of a new textile-industries research building in the city of Ahmadabad, Nehru grew stoned-faced when a Brahman priest placed a *tilaka* mark on his forehead. The priest chanted some monotonous *slokas*, and Nehru began to fidget in annoyance. The Brahman then grasped the Prime Minister's shoulders and asked him to touch the wall of the building in a ceremonial gesture of blessing. At this, Nehru angrily brushed the priest aside and rasped: "I



TOPICAL PRESS
PRINCESS MARGARET & FRIENDS
A delicious taste.

cannot stand this business!" Later, in his dedication speech, Nehru, with even more fervor than usual, told his audience that India's "old superstitions" are an evil that must be rooted out.

Making plans to hang out his lawyer's shingle in Chicago this fall, **Adlai Stevenson** was troubled again by his old kidney ailment, canceled several speeches, eased himself into a Chicago hospital bed, early this week had a successful operation.

Britain's **Princess Margaret** laid aside her mink coat, put on a white overall and helmet, descended a quarter-mile into a coal mine near Nottingham. Chipping off a lump of coal with a pickax, she said: "I'll have to get this mounted!" When a cutting machine wafted some coal dust into her mouth, the miners beamed as the princess cried, "It tastes delicious!"

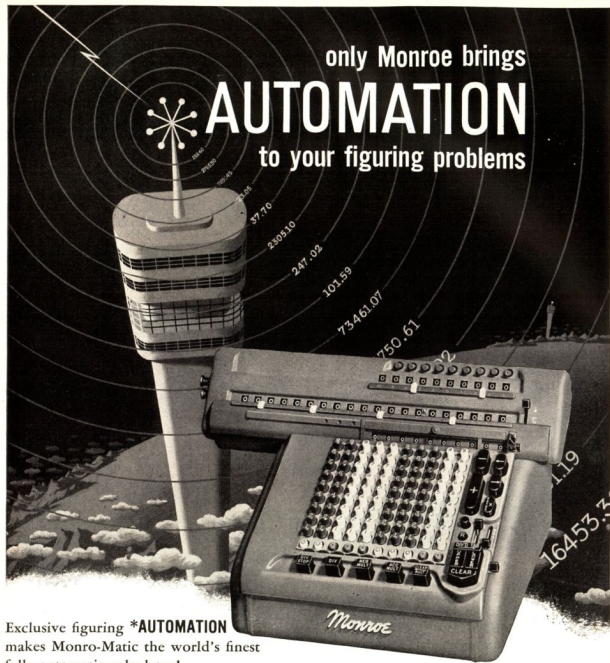
Duke University's faculty, by a secret vote of 61 to 42, turned thumbs down on Vice President **Richard Nixon** (Duke Law School '37), one of several nominees for an honorary Doctor of Laws degree. Later, Nixon turned thumbs down on an invitation to be Duke's commencement speaker this June. His reason: too much to do in Washington.

An approving audience of Y.M.C.A. members heard New Jersey's handsome bachelor Governor **Robert B. Meyner**, 46, trace the problem of juvenile delinquency down to some unattractive roots. "The modern ideal of feminine perfection," said Democrat Meyner, "seems to be a punk actress with platinum hair and an over-stuffed bosom. The ideal of manhood is a character who toots a horn and smokes marijuana." The governor's battle cry: "What we need are fewer **Aly Khans** and [Porfirio] **Rubirosas** and more **Daniel Boones** and **Horatio Algers**."

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MEDICINE

"Have I Got Cancer?"

Detecting cancer early is half the battle, and for a generation medical researchers have sought a simple blood test to distinguish definitely between people who are free of cancer and those who have it, or at least may have it. So far their hopes have been raised only to be rudely dashed.* But this week members of the American Association for Cancer Research meeting in Atlantic City listened intently as Dr. Andrew H. Dowdy described the most promising blood test to date.

The new test got its start ten years ago when Dr. Harry S. Penn of the University of California at Los Angeles extracted a substance from the liver of victims killed by cancer. The substance usually had no effect on blood samples from

gun to grow into surrounding tissues), even when no symptoms of disease were evident. It detected not only typical cancer (carcinoma) but also leukemia and lymphosarcoma.

¶ It registered a false positive in 3% of subjects who appeared to have no cancer or other illness.

¶ Among the common noncancer conditions that also cause a Penn test to show up positive are active rheumatoid arthritis, tuberculosis, cirrhosis of the liver, fever, pregnancy and hormone treatments.

The false positives are bad because they breed fear instead of allaying it. The researchers are working on refinements by which they hope to weed them out.

The great virtues of the Penn test are its simplicity and speed. Any competent doctor or technician can be trained in a



U.C.L.A.'s PENN & DOWDY
First from the liver, then from bile.

healthy persons, but it left a precipitate in samples from patients with cancer or some other diseases. The biggest trouble was that the liver fractions Dr. Penn obtained were too variable, and other medical men could not duplicate his results.

Then a team of U.C.L.A. researchers joined Dr. Penn, broadened the attack and succeeded in making from bile acid a chemical called ethyl cholelidenate. Uniform and more stable than the liver fraction, it reacts the same way with blood samples. By now, Dr. Dowdy reported, 10,000 subjects have been tested, with these encouraging results:

¶ About 95% of the subjects tested were promptly assured: no sign of cancer.

¶ The test was positive in 90% of cases with "invasive" cancer (one that has be-

come of weeks to perform it accurately. Made ultracautious by previous fiascos, Drs. Penn and Dowdy are not even calling their procedure a "cancer test," and they insist that it should be used only under strict hospital or clinic conditions and along with other procedures. But, clearly, they hope it will prove its worth as soon as the bugs can be worked out of it.

In Atlantic City, the consensus of cold-eyed experts from all over the U.S. was that the California team is ahead of the field in seeking a way to answer the agonized question, "Doctor, have I got cancer?"

Health Engineers

As man has worked up from the opposable thumb to the implausible bomb, he has learned endless ways to change his environment. He can raise or raze forests, reverse rivers, level mountains or reshuffle atoms, but he cannot alter the fact that

his health depends, as always, upon the food he eats, the water he drinks and the air he breathes. To safeguard these, he has to work, in an endless spiral, for more complete control of his environment.

Last week the U.S. took a big step toward that fuller control. On Cincinnati's outskirts, Secretary Oveta Culp Hobby dedicated a six-story laboratory building for the U.S. Public Health Service, gave it the mouthfilling name of Robert A. Taft Sanitary Engineering Center. Said Mrs. Hobby: "Sanitary engineering had its origins in [man's] first crude efforts to gather and store rainwater for drinking purposes and to dispose of wastes effectively." It is still concerned with the same problems, though in different forms.

Tricky Water. Cincinnati has been a center for U.S. public-health studies since 1913, when health engineers settled in an old downtown mansion to study Ohio River pollution. Water-borne typhoid fever, raging in the Ohio Valley in those days, was their chief concern. Nowadays, the typhoid bacillus is "literally no longer a problem" to Dr. Leslie A. Chambers, research director of the center. His staff must now tackle the far more complex problems of contamination of both water and food by viruses and fungi, synthetic chemicals and radioactivity.

In their air-conditioned laboratories (environment in the center is controlled to the last decimal), P.H.S. researchers, working under exhaust hoods, are trying to cultivate the virus of infectious hepatitis (TIME, Feb. 8), which is often water-borne. A mycologist has isolated 150 different kinds of fungi, some of which may cause disease, from river water. And glass tanks are filled with minnows to test how much cyanide wastes can go into river water without killing nature's scavengers.

Dirty Air. With atomic-energy plants mushrooming upriver in Ohio's Pike County and downstream at Paducah, and the first atomic-power plant scheduled for the Pittsburgh area, the control of radioactive waste waters will be a gigantic problem. Lessons learned along the Ohio will be applied to the AEC's Savannah River plant and others on the West Coast. Radioactivity in the Columbia River below the AEC's Hanford plant has not reached an alarming level, the health engineers report, and though fish pick up some, most of it settles in such inedible parts as bone, heart and liver.

Cincinnati is also busy with air samples. A paper filter exhibited at the center last week was black with filth from local air, which had been sucked through it. Doctors have seen that the city's curve of smog concentrations matched the curve of deaths from heart and respiratory disease. Each day the center receives filters, coated with air pollutants collected by the same process in 23 other U.S. cities, for analysis and comparison. Right now, the Fort Worth filters are tan from wind-borne topsoil. Those from Detroit and Los Angeles show that, at rush hours, the lead content from automobile exhausts is near the limit of human tolerance.

Woman's world is giving the sanitary

* Notably by the iodoacetate test devised by Chicago's Surgeon Charles B. Huggins (TIME, April 25, 1949), which fizzled.



OLD WAY WITH KING PINS—A pin rolls freely in only *two* directions, restricts easy, 4-way front-wheel motion on conventional cars.



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To you Mercury's new ball-joint suspension means far easier steering, finer control on curves, a new feeling of security. Why not try it today?



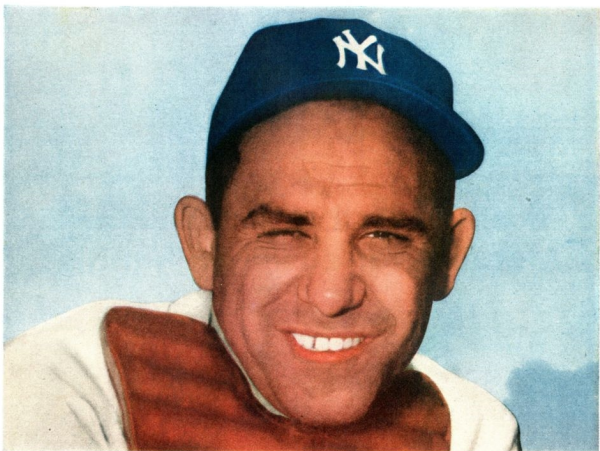
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**New
1954**

MERCURY



Yogi Berra, member of Spalding advisory staff

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You're right, Yogi Berra, chemicals often are found in unusual places. Both the big bat you swing and the "horsehide" you hit are treated with chemicals to make them play better and last longer. Even the protective liner in the new "bean-proof" batter's cap is made of a chemical plastic. Also, synthetic fibers made from Spencer ammonia are woven into uniforms, socks and other equipment to lengthen wear and decrease weight.

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America's growing name in chemicals

engineers still further challenges. The garbage disposer ("mechanical pig") built into kitchen sinks is overloading city-sewage systems. And the fancy new detergents used in automatic dishwashing gum up the treatment plants: they foam crazily and resist chemical breakdown. This problem of wastes is where the sanitary engineers came in, thousands of years ago. Ahead of them are more turns of the same spiral.

From the Heart

Heart specialists have been derelict in their duty to medical science and in many cases to their patients, one of their own number suggested last week at a Chicago meeting of the American Heart Association. Though he was speaking at his installation as president-elect, Dr. Irvine



Karl Rauschkolb—Cleveland Plain Dealer
CLEVELAND'S PAGE
Physician, diet thyself.

H. Page of the Cleveland Clinic wasted no time on the usual banalities.

Medicine, said Heart Specialist Page, is still getting nowhere in its attack on heart and artery diseases (which cause more than half of all U.S. deaths). Reason: the foundation of basic scientific knowledge has not been laid. It will take time, effort and much money to find out how and why hardening of the arteries begins and progresses among the world's best-fed peoples. Until this is done, "it is unlikely that the current shocking death rate from [heart attacks and strokes] will be greatly altered."

Doctors are remiss too, said Dr. Page, in neglecting the early stages of the disease in their patients. As he put it: "The cardiologist [must] assume the burden of atherosclerosis, which he has so long and so successfully avoided in favor of taking care of its consequences."

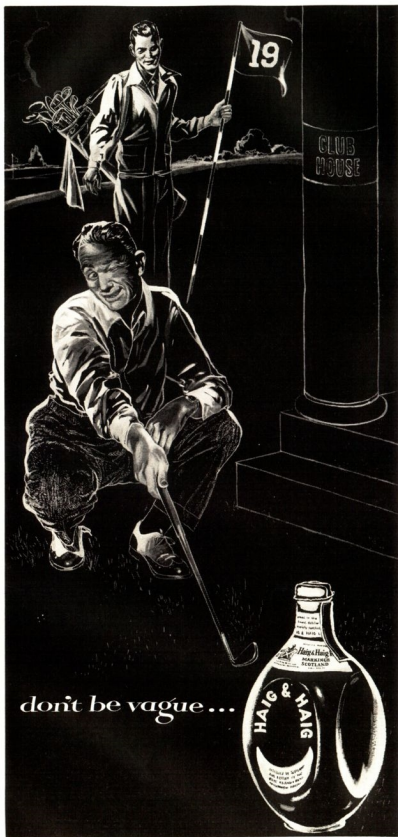
And on prescribing a low-fat or low-sodium diet, Dr. Page had more bitter words for the profession which sounded sweet to many a dieted layman. Dr. Page



The Arrow Radnor button-down gives a man a chance to kick over the traces a bit with complete confidence in his good taste. For here is a completely new, completely fresh idea in collar styling, solidly based on a very conservative collar. The fabric is a fine-combed broadcloth, "Sanforized," won't shrink more than 1%. \$4.50 up. All-silk Arrow tie, \$2.50.

ARROW WHITE SHIRTS

by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



BLENDING SCOTS WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

came to his conclusions the hard way: he made a drastic cut in the amount of fat he himself consumed. True, there followed a sharp drop in the amount of fat in his blood, and also in his weight, but Dr. Page saw other, less desirable effects: "An impairment of my disposition and a contraction of my circle of friends. During this period of several months, gastrointestinal disturbance was marked, but worse was the feeling of depression and irritability. Addition of vegetable fat quickly overcame both, but simultaneously raised [the level of fats in the blood] . . . The experiment ended after a year with the firm conviction that diets should be changed with the greatest caution, and that physicians should be required to try their diets before prescribing them."

Capsules

¶ The switchboard at Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital lit up after press reports that the hospital was testing a drug developed in Denmark that would cure peptic ulcers in ten days. The truth: no such cures can be proved, and Bellevue may not even get around to testing the drug, it seems so iffy.

¶ After finding a seemingly new disease among their Washington patients, Drs. Worth B. Daniels and Frank G. MacMurray report in the *A.M.A. Journal* that they have traced a total of 160 cases of cat-scratch fever. Just what causes the disorder after even a mild scratch by a playful pet is unknown, but common symptoms are chills, headache, nausea and bellyache, while in some cases the lymph glands become as big as golf balls for as long as two years.

¶ One reason many adults do not get enough sleep, says *Today's Health*, is that after having the fear dinned into them from childhood, they lie awake worrying that they may not get enough sleep.

¶ The chance that a woman who has German measles in the first three months of pregnancy will bear a defective child is at least one in five. And, said Harvard's Dr. Conrad Wesselhoeft, the fear of such an outcome can be so great that it may be best to end the pregnancy (by abortion) and "allow a fresh pregnancy to begin under more auspicious circumstances."

¶ Mrs. Wilbur Chapman, 32, gave birth in Chelsea Naval Hospital to a boy, 4 lb. 6½ oz., only three weeks after she had borne a girl, 3 lb. 14 oz. It was one of the rare cases (*TIME*, March 16, 1953) of concurrent pregnancies from almost simultaneous conceptions: Thelma Chapman has two wombs.

¶ Researchers at the State University of Iowa seem to have found the perfect contraceptive—for rats. While they were fed nitrofurantoin compounds (chemicals obtained from oat hulls), male rats produced no spermatozoa, Dr. Warren O. Nelson reported, but later they recovered their fertility and sired normal young. The University of Texas' Dr. Donald Duncan, edging out on a limb, said nitrofurantoin "could be the [human] contraceptive of the future."

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THE PRESS

Indicted? Delighted!

Among men who hate McCarthy most, none has been more outspoken than Herman ("Hank") Greenspun, 44, publisher of the Las Vegas *Sun* (circ. 11,034). His fight with the Senator reached the boiling point in 1952 when McCarthy, speaking in Las Vegas, referred to Greenspun as a "confessed ex-Communist." At that Greenspun, who was in the audience, elbowed his way to the platform as McCarthy made for the exit. McCarthy later corrected himself: what he had meant to say was "ex-convict," for in 1950 Greenspun was convicted and fined \$10,000 for violating the Neutrality Act by running arms to Israel. Ever since, Greenspun has gone after McCarthy with lurid charges



Associated Press

PUBLISHER GREENSPUN

He predicted a rest for McCarthy.

in his paper, and McCarthy has paid them no public attention.

Slobs & Simpletons. Last week in Las Vegas, a federal grand jury indicted Greenspun under the postal laws on charges of mailing "matter of an indecent character, tending to incite murder or assassination." As evidence, the indictment quoted a Greenspun column of last January: "Senator Joe McCarthy has to come to a violent end. Huey Long's death will be serene and peaceful compared with the demise of the sadistic bum from Wisconsin. Live by the sword and you die by the sword. Destroy people and they in turn must destroy you. The chances are that McCarthy will be laid to rest at the hands of some poor innocent slob whose reputation and life he has destroyed through his well-established smear technique . . ." Nevertheless, Greenspun added that it was time for "the disreputable pervers [to answer] for his crimes . . ."

For the indictment, Publisher Green-



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spun could thank Joe McCarthy. Three months ago, McCarthy's office sent the Greenspun column to the Post Office Department and asked whether the paper should lose its second-class mailing privileges for violating postal regulations. Later, said Post Office Solicitor Abe McGregor Goff, the Senator called and asked Goff not to press for criminal action, but to handle the case within the Post Office Department. But by that time it was too late; the case was already being pushed by U.S. Attorney Madison Graves in Nevada. (Vacationing at the Tucson home of Columnist Westbrook Pegler last week, McCarthy said that he had never seen the Greenspun column, but that his office might have sent it to the Post Office Department.)

Attempt to Muzzle? Greenspun is a man who knows his way around a courtroom. A New York lawyer, Greenspun moved to Nevada in 1946, later became a pressagent for a Las Vegas gambling house. In 1950 he bought the *Sun* property, including \$2,500 in cash assets, with a \$1,000 down payment, then took off after Democratic Senator Pat McCarran. Last year Greenspun won an \$80,000 out-of-court settlement from some local gambling houses when he sued on charges that McCarran had conspired with them to take their advertising out of the *Sun* (TIME, Feb. 23, 1953).

At week's end, Publisher Greenspun, who faces a maximum sentence of five years in prison and a \$5,000 fine, seemed delighted by the indictment. He ran his January column all over again, charged that the indictment was "just another attempt to muzzle a newspaper which has been critical of McCarthy . . . McCarthy chose a column that was written facetiously . . . to pressure the Postmaster General. Why didn't McCarthy make an issue of some of the serious, documented columns I have written about him?"

Indo-China's Other War

During the war for Indo-China, the press corps has been waging an underground battle of its own. Last week it erupted in an open fight, as 21 war correspondents at Hanoi signed a petition to Commanding General Henri Navarre. Said the petition: "We . . . have been restricted unnecessarily to official briefings, which, while reliable, are utterly inadequate . . . Officers have been forbidden to provide information . . . Communication channels are [too] limited . . . Your policy disregards the fact that the security of the free world itself is at stake [and that] peoples of the free world have an inalienable right to full information consistent with military security on which to base the grave decisions they may soon be called upon to face."

Some of the blame for poor coverage in Indo-China lies with the press itself, which until recently has shown a marked indifference to the struggle there, sent few correspondents to cover it. But French officialdom consistently blocks reporters who are on the ground. Correspondents are well aware that in war,



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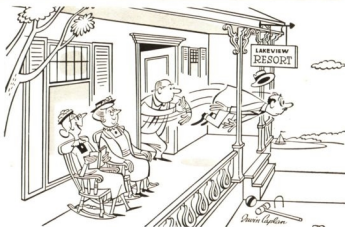
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special security precautions must be taken. What irritates them is that the French have made little effort to develop a system to suit the circumstances. The public-information officers, selected from the army, usually know little about how reporters and newspapers work. Stories submitted to censorship are often lost, interviews are promised, then forgotten. Briefings are curt and colorless. Even so, release times are set for as long as twelve hours after briefings, making news stale by the time it appears. Army photos, the only battle pictures available, must be released first in Paris, are often delayed for days. Furthermore, there is little co-ordination between the censors in Hanoi and those in Saigon, relay point for all outgoing messages; what one will pass, another may not. Press troubles in Indo-China are similar to those encountered at the beginning of almost every war. But the war there has been going on for more than seven years.

Friends & Elations

When the Chicago *Sun-Times's* Pulitzer Prize-winning Cartoonist Jacob Burck, 49, was ordered deported to his native Poland last summer (TIME, July 20), *Sun-Times* Publisher Marshall Field Jr. sprang to his defense. Burck was charged with having been a member of the Communist Party in the 1930s, and never becoming a U.S. citizen. But Field, taking note of Burck's long record of anti-Communism as exemplified in his political cartoons, backed him to the hilt and lined up top legal talent to fight the deportation. Last week Jerome T. McGowan, special inquiry officer of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, recommended that his own deportation order against Burck be suspended. Next step: approval by a board of appeals in Washington, and passage of a special relief bill by Congress. Said Cartoonist Burck, cautious in his moment of victory: "I am sitting on my elations."

War in Boston

"JUST LOOK AT WHAT'S HAPPENING IN BOSTON," said a full-page ad that ran in the Boston *Post* and six New York, Chicago and other metropolitan papers last week. What was happening, as an accompanying chart made clear, was that the *Post* had gained more than 100,000 advertising lines over a year ago, v. a minute gain for Hearst's *Record-American*, a drop of more than 175,000 lines for the *Globe*, and a drop of more than 300,000 for the *Herald-Traveler*. What was also happening in Boston was the hottest newspaper war in years.

It started nearly two years ago, when Jack-of-all-trades John Fox, 47 (oil and gas, Western Union, a radio station), bought the ailing *Post*. Fox missed no sensational tricks to get circulation, used shock tactics to get Bostonians to read his own Page One editorials and his financial column under the byline "Washington Waters." Harvardman Fox also lashed out at his alma mater as a hotbed of Reds, and later took credit for the *Post* because "treason has gone out of style at Har-

vard." He urged, in effect, that the U.S. end the cold war by starting World War III. "The Great Attack, the last one . . . we consider to be inevitable within five years . . . We also think that THERE IS AT LEAST A 50-50 CHANCE THAT IT WILL BE MADE BY US . . . Whoever strikes first has the world."

A fortnight ago, the competing Boston *Herald* took note of such doom, saying: "Our friend John Doom has everything figured out . . . Morning after morning . . . he assures us that things are getting worse, will get still worse and soon worse than that . . . Despite Mr. Doom, children are born every day, and parents are happy about it and plan. They talk about Harvard, class of '75." John Fox fired back. Noting that he had been the subject of recent editorials in both the *Daily*

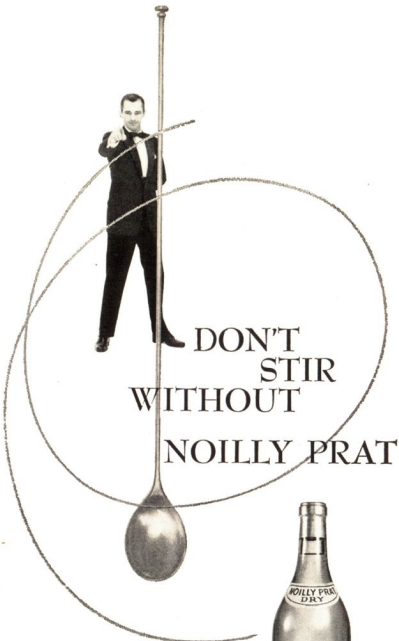


James F. Coyne

PUBLISHER FOX
Who will be gone by Christmas?

Worker and "our dearly beloved, friendly competitor, the Boston *Herald*," he offered to have the circulation of the *Post* and *Herald* audited at his expense.

But John Fox did not seem to be winning Boston's newspaper war. His paper has lost 10,500 circulation in a year (latest *Post* figure: 201,604), against a smaller loss for the *Herald-Traveler* (combined circ. 331,513) and a slight gain for the *Globe* (morning and evening circ. 277,318). And while it was true that John Fox had gained ad linage, he did so by slashing minimum rates from 51¢ to 44¢ a line, v. the *Herald-Traveler's* 44.88¢ and the *Globe's* flat 55¢. The *Herald-Traveler* still had twice as much linage as the *Post* in the first quarter, and the *Post* was still steadily losing money. But that did not bother Publisher Fox. He could keep right on losing money, and pouring cash into the *Post* from his oil, gas and other properties, including a bank that he bought in January. Said Fox confidently: "One of the papers now in Boston will not be here on Christmas Eve, 1954."



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One false move,
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your Dry Martini collapses.
Make it carefully,
make it with the finest gin,
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Noilly Prat are increasingly popular.

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SPORT

Two Men & a Boy

The way one old Master saw it, this year's Masters' golf tournament in Augusta, Ga. would separate the men from the boys. And the boys, said 1935's Winner Gene Sarazen, "are going to make us old-timers look like dubs . . . They'll set up scoring marks we never thought of."

For a couple of grey and rainy days last week, Oldtimer Sarazen had the look of a prophet. Billy Joe Patton, 31, a drawling lumberman from Morganton, N.C., fired a fine 144 on the first 36 holes and came up to the halfway mark one stroke ahead of the pack. He was the first amateur ever to lead the Masters.

Greens were soggy and slow. Defending Champion Ben Hogan, the Mechanical Man from Texas, said he needed a Seeing Eye dog to find the pins. But Hogan was only talking trouble. His game under control, he was well up in second place. Samuel Jackson Snead, 1952's winner, was a nervous three strokes back.

By the end of the third round, those who thought the amateurs were only along for the ride began to nod knowingly. Amateur Patton, spraying shots, had a 75 and dropped into a tie for third. Hogan and Snead, playing careful, methodical golf, moved into first and second, three strokes apart.

Then, to everyone's surprise, last-day jitters caught up with the veterans. Hogan and Snead got off to shaky starts. Patton, a formidable five strokes off the pace, caught fire. His crisp iron shots were carrying to the greens, his putts were running sure and true. On the 190-yd. sixth,



CHAMPION SNEAD
Hogan was talking trouble.

he smacked an astonishing hole-in-one. An impressive three under par at the 13th, he hit his tee shot short. "I didn't come here to play it safe," he announced to the gallery, and he gambled on a long, bold wood to the pin. He lost. His ball trickled into the brook that guards the green. He holed out two over par.

Snead, meanwhile, had found his touch again. He wound up with a par 72 and posted a total score of 289. Patton, with a commendable finishing 71, was home a stroke behind. Now Hogan was forced to gamble, and still his putts refused to drop. He needed a birdie three on the 18th to win. He had to settle for a par that tied him with Slammin' Sammy Snead.

Next day, in the playoff, Hogan, the Mechanical Man, blew a piddling, three-foot putt on the 16th. He never recovered. For the third time, by a margin of one stroke in 90 holes, Sam Snead was Master of the Masters.

Tireless Champ

The Duke of Beaufort's houseparty was falling to pieces. Rain had kept the guests cooped up in Badminton Manor, champagne was running low, old friends were so bored with each other that they were reduced to a half-forgotten childhood game. Someone stretched a cord across one of the manor corridors, and so the story goes, a couple of lackadaisical winebibbers discovered that they still had energy enough to stick a crest of goose quills into a champagne cork. They began to bat the cork back & forth across the cord with empty bottles. Suddenly the party came to life. The makeshift net added a fascinating new dimension to the old game. Battledore and shuttlecock, that gloomy day in 1873, became badminton.

Last week, from five different countries, 200 energetic contestants traveled to Niagara Falls, N.Y. to try their hands at what is now a worldwide sport. But the badminton they played was a far cry from the impromptu pastime dreamed up by the Duke of Beaufort's friends. And as if to prove that the game is not the private property of English gentlemen any more, Eddie Choong, 23, a cat-quick little (5 ft. 4 in.) Malayan, bounded away with the American Badminton Association's singles championship.

Malayans, who learned the game from the British, years ago adopted it as their national sport. On the island of Penang, Eddie Choong and his older brother David picked up badminton the way U.S. youngsters pick up baseball. And when the Japanese occupied Penang in 1941, the Choong boys filled up their time with badminton for want of much else to do. "No more than four persons were allowed together at one time," Eddie remembers. "Five, and poff, into jail you went. So we played badminton in our father's garden."

The Choongs taught themselves a choppy, aggressive game. Without teachers,



CHAMPION CHOONG

It began with bottles and corks.

they developed a repertory of overhand, underhand and backhand shots, some of them highly unorthodox by Western standards. Says David: "We'll try anything."

Together, the Choongs went to London in 1950 to study law. But they seldom let their studies interfere with their badminton. Always just a little better than David, Eddie won more than 150 tournaments before the American Badminton Association invited him to the U.S. He reckons that he has traveled 500,000 miles just to keep badminton dates. Long barnstorming tours, tough matches day after day and late hours never seem to tire him. Last week, after a rugged three-day tournament in Baltimore, which he won as usual, Eddie went to Niagara Falls and ran most of his opponents off the courts. In the finals, he faltered for a moment, got the range again and took a close match from the former U.S. champion, FBI Agent Joe Alston, 15-5, 2-15, 15-13.

Scoreboard

¶ The Yankees beefed up their roster for the sixth time in six years with a National League veteran. They picked up the St. Louis Cardinals' hustling, hard-hitting (lifetime average: .305) Outfielder Enos ("Country") Slaughter for a bargain price: a rookie pitcher and the promise of three minor leaguers. Durable Enos, 37, a remnant of the rowdy "Gashouse" era, roamed the outfield for the Cards for 13 seasons, played in 143 games last year, helped whip the Yanks the last time they lost a World Series (1942).

¶ At Jamaica, N.Y., a rangy bay colt named Errard King galloped his way to earnest consideration as a Kentucky Derby candidate by winning the six-furlong Experimental Free Handicap No. 1, first of the classic trials for three-year-olds, in the record Experimental time of 1:10.8.

Sleek...



YOUNG IN HEART . . . a gay aristocrat among colors adds dash to the eager lines of this Chrysler New Yorker DeLuxe. Forever kindling eye and pride, here is beauty that tells the world you drive the leader. You drive the most spirited and efficient of engines, the Chrysler 235. Yours is the safest power of all, with instant response for every need.

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It's NEW!
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**A REVOLUTIONARY NEW GASOLINE ADVANCEMENT
BY TEXACO not only delivers MAXIMUM POWER ...
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Texaco engineers worked on this problem for many months. They succeeded far beyond our early hopes. Through intensive research they developed a new petroleum-base element — PETROX — and with it have produced a *new kind* of gasoline.

Here are the astonishing facts, confirmed by more than a million miles of tests. The new top octane Sky Chief, Super-Charged with PETROX, gives you:

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SCIENCE

Landing on the Moon

The most depressing obstacle to voyaging to the moon is how to raise money (about \$10 billion) to pay for fleets of gigantic rockets and floods of expensive fuel. Other problems, if less immediate, are more entertaining. In the *Journal* of the British Interplanetary Society, Astronomer H. Percy Wilkins, Ph.D., F.R.A.S., tries to figure out where to land on the moon.

As every space fan knows, the spaceship will approach the moon tail first, its rocket motors blasting hard enough to cancel the speed of falling through the moon's gravitational field. As it nears the surface, it will extend three spring-cushioned legs on which (if all goes well)



Allan Grant—Life

ROCKET'S ARRIVAL (MOVIE VERSION)
Problem: testing out of badlands.

it will come to rest in a vertical position, undamaged and ready for the earthbound blast-off. This delicate maneuver requires a level landing site; if the spaceship were to hit the lunar equivalent of the Grand Canyon, it would have small chance of seeing the earth again.

The moon, says Dr. Wilkins, has plenty of level plains (misnamed "seas"), but to land on one of them would be like landing in the middle of the Sahara Desert. There would be nothing of interest nearby for the voyagers to explore. The moon's interesting parts are its mountainous areas, and they are mostly so rough that no spaceship could land on them without a disastrous crash. Dr. Wilkins thinks that the best bet would be to land inside one of the moon's great craters. Some of them are rough inside, but others look fairly smooth.

The apparent smoothness may be an illusion. Dr. Wilkins believes that the moon's surface is solid, not covered with

dust, but he fears that it may be cluttered with small, sharp-edged ridges. Through the early telescopes, the ridges could not be seen, but as telescopes have improved, more and more of them have appeared. There is a good chance that even the smoothest-looking parts of the moon may be cut-up badlands. Dr. Wilkins suggests that moon voyagers make no advance decisions about landing sites. Their spaceship had better approach with caution, like a crippled airplane picking out the likeliest cornfield.

Even the most cautious approach may not assure a safe landing. It is possible, says Dr. Wilkins, that the moon is made of brittle, bubbly rock, with many fragile cavities just below the surface. This treacherous stuff may be too weak to support an appreciable weight. The spaceship that blunders into it will be in no condition to take off again for the long voyage home.

Jet Reversers

A problem that worries the designers of jet bombers and airliners is how to make them stop quickly enough on short or slippery runways. Propeller-driver ships merely change the angle of their propeller blades and use the reversed thrust to kill their speed. A jet has no propeller, and a drag parachute broken out of the tail in the landing run is a cumbersome solution.

This week Boeing Airplane Co. told about its experiments with certain gadgets to reverse the thrust of a jet engine. The type that finally worked best for Boeing is a divided, clamshell-like contraption that normally fits snugly around the end of the tailpipe. When the airplane has touched the ground, the halves of the clamshell swing backward and inward, cutting the blast of hot gases and partially reversing its direction.

The result, says Boeing, is that the engine exerts more than 40% of its thrust in reverse, thus braking the airplane in the same manner as a reversed propeller. When not in use, the apparatus is completely out of the gas stream and so has no effect on the engine's operation. It weighs about 200 lbs. per engine, 800 lbs. for a four-jet airplane.

Another jet-reversing system will be manufactured by Aerojet-General Corp. under agreement with the French owners of the patent. It has no moving parts, only a cylindrical stock of rings behind the end of the tailpipe. In normal flight, the gases pass through the center of the rings. When the pilot wants to stop quickly on landing, he opens a valve, and a blast of air from the engine's compressor shoots down a pipe running through the tailpipe and is released at about right angles into the center of the stream of gases. This diverts the gases into an expanding cone and makes them hit the rings, which are shaped to catch them and reverse their direction. Aerojet says that its device, which has already been flight tested, gives up to 50% of reversed thrust.

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RELIGION

Protestant Architect

(See Cover)

The 40 Lenten days that began March 3 and will end at Eastertide* have been for Christians a time for prayer and devotion, and for all men a time of urgency and stress. History, poised between Ivy and Dumbbell, between the 38th parallel and Dienbienphu, has enforced a Lenten mood upon the nations with the sackcloth of political conflict and showers of radioactive ash. The chocolate bunnies, the dizzy eggs and the pretty bonnets of Easter are the more incongruous for it. For Lent looks to the real Easter; and to lift high that great light in man's darkness is the holy challenge of the churches. How are the churches of America meeting the challenge?

The change—in a generation—is enough to make wisecracks blink. Twenty-five years ago, traditional Christianity seemed to many an American intellectual to be rolling up the scroll. The Good Life was a matter of well-planned getting and spending, and all the answers were to be found written down, from Hegel to Freud to Keynes. Professor John Dewey and his fellow philosophers were preaching a heady trial & error pragmatism. The up-to-date intellectual was so uninterested in Christianity that he rarely found it worth while even to be anti-religious.

Today in the U.S. the Christian faith is back in the center of things, with an

intellectual respectability that has not been accorded it in generations. Membership in U.S. churches has risen almost 70% in a generation, outstripping the population increase by 2 to 1. Bestseller lists are crowded month after month with books with religious themes. The seminaries are crowded with the kind of young men the secular world competes for. Thanks to such men of the mind as Reinhold Niebuhr, Paul Tillich and dozens more, theology has become an exciting topic again, whether in the pulpit, the meeting hall or at the luncheon table. Even among the skeptical, the Western world considers the question: Is it possible that Christianity is really true, after all?

Most significant sign of all, perhaps, is the postwar surge toward unity among the Protestant and Orthodox churches. At Amsterdam, in 1948, came the greatest gathering of Protestantism since the Reformation, and there, in a historic decision by representatives of 147 communions, the World Council of Churches was formed. This summer the World Council will meet again for its second Assembly in Evanston, Ill.—1,500 delegates and observers from 161 communions and 48 countries.

What will they talk about? For four years, from Asia to Europe to America, Protestant and Orthodox leaders have been exchanging memoranda, sifting agenda and preparing to discuss six themes, for which the Assembly will divide itself into six commissions: 1) Our Oneness in Christ and Our Disunity as Churches. 2) The Mission of the Church to Those Outside Her Life. 3) The Responsible Society in a World Perspective. 4) Christians in the Struggle for World Community. 5) Racial and Ethnic Tensions. 6) The Laity: the Christian in His Vocation. The very fact that 161 Protestant and Orthodox communions can meet to discuss such themes, with some hope of agreement, is vivid testimony to how far the worldwide movement for church unity has marched.

The Persuader. One of the most single-minded and effective forces behind the movement for church unity is an intense, snap-eyed man of 56 named Henry Pitney Van Dusen. From a desk in Manhattan, he directs the most influential school of theology in the U.S.—Union Theological Seminary. Taking leave of that desk, he is a tireless traveler on missions of fact-finding, teaching, persuasion—from such things as an exhaustive tour of Protestant mission stations in Asia and Africa last year to endless speaking tours along the U.S. college and university front. At his desk and after hours, he turns out some of the clearest and most muscular Christian writing of his time.

But energetic Pitney Van Dusen is also a theologian and a pastor of theologians, and Theologian Van Dusen has a special concern for the forthcoming world Assembly at Evanston.

The "Main Theme" of the Assembly,



PREACHER COFFIN

After the decision, a continuous battle.

which all delegates will discuss together during the gathering's first week, sounds noncontroversial enough: *Christ—the Hope of the World*. Yet it contains a question that—before it is answered—may draw a dramatic line between theologians of the Old World and the New. How much of the Christian hope depends upon the Second Coming of Christ?

European theologians may have Van Dusen in mind when they complain—as Norway's famed Bishop Eivind Berggrav did last year—that "the outlook of American Christianity often looks . . . rather earthbound, expecting the fulfillment of God's Kingdom here on earth—one might even say, expecting its realization in the U.S.A." To such European Protestants, the Christian hope rests more on the Biblical expectation that Christ will one day return to end the earthly enterprise.

The Van Dusen answer is one that draws on the whole hope-filled history of the U.S.—from the generations of missionaries who have gone out to preach the Gospel to U.S. aid for underdeveloped countries, from the abolition of slavery to the conquest of poverty. To hope solely in the Second Coming, says the typical U.S. Protestant theologian, is to encourage "too meager hopes for what Christ may accomplish in history here and now."

A Sense of Responsibility. Nobody around Philadelphia's fashionable Chestnut Hill, least of all Henry Pitney Van Dusen, expected that he would become a minister. "Pit's" classbook prophecies, both at William Penn Charter prep school and later at Princeton, were that he would wind up as Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. The Dutch-descended Van Dusens had a habit of becoming successful lawyers, and Pit's Uncle Mahlon was a Supreme Court Justice from 1912 to 1922.

Even Pit Van Dusen's "conversion"



Underwood & Underwood

EVANGELIST SUNDAY

After the jokes, a decision for Christ.

was an accident. In his senior year at Penn Charter, Evangelist Billy Sunday held a special meeting for Philadelphia schoolchildren, to which a school delegation was sent. When the youngsters were invited to march up and sign pledge cards at the end of the service, the Penn Charter contingent was chagrined to see the pennant of a rival school moving toward the front of the hall. Not to be outdone, the Penn Charter standard-bearer took off, too. And Pit Van Dusen, mindful of his responsibilities as class president, hustled up the sawdust trail with the rest.

Other boys were joking about it as they left the hall, but Pit sat down by himself to think it over. He felt far from being a Christian, decided to do nothing about his pledge, just wait and see what would happen. What happened was that the local Episcopalian minister, who got Pitney's pledge card from Evangelist Sunday, spoke to his mother, and Pitney honored his word by joining the church. "If it hadn't been for that, I don't know when I'd have joined, if ever," he says.

The same year, Pit's well-developed sense of responsibility gave him another nudge. An earnest young man from Princeton Theological Seminary turned up at Penn Charter one day to recruit delegates to a youth conference. When he asked for volunteers, he was greeted by stony silence; when he asked if anyone would like to hear more about the conference before making up his mind, the silence became even stonier. Desperately, the seminarian asked if any boy would agree to receive promotional literature just in case someone might develop an interest, and at this point Class President Van Dusen spoke up. The result was that when Van Dusen turned up at Princeton the next year, the seminarian promptly recognized him and persuaded him to serve as assistant business manager of the next youth conference. In this casual way began the career of one of the great conferees of modern Protestantism.

Islands of Inactivity. In Van Dusen's day at Princeton (it was also F. Scott Fitzgerald's day), the contemptuous tag for fellows like Pit was apt to be "Christ-er." Pit spent two summers as counselor at a Princeton-run camp for underprivileged children, and became so interested in social problems that he followed up some of the families during the school year. He joined a boycott of the undergraduate eating clubs, in a vain attempt to force them to offer membership to any and all upperclassmen. Exclusion, he maintained, was "undemocratic and un-Christian."⁷⁸

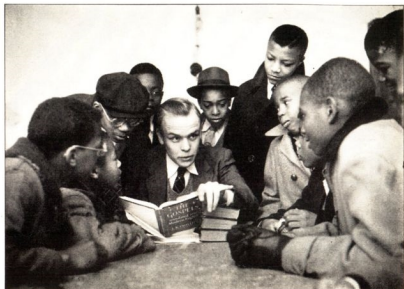
Undergraduate Van Dusen captained the Debating Team, headed the Undergraduate Council, the *Bric-a-Brac* and the International Polity Club, was valedictorian, Ivy Orator, Phi Beta Kappa, and an active member of the Student Christian Association. But for all sober purpose about him, Pit Van Dusen, when he grad-

uated in 1919, still did not know what he wanted to do. The law, of course, beckoned, "but something made me hold back from it." He toyed with the idea of being a social worker, "although it was, and is, primarily a woman's field." His approach to the ministry was characteristic: "Most social problems are ultimately problems of character," he said to himself. "What institution gives its whole time to these problems?" Answer: the church.

But Van Dusen was a young man of his time. The very word church, he wrote later, evoked "two vivid pictures, each heavily charged with repellent associations. First, large numbers of great, dark, often ugly, almost always locked, unused buildings set down at some of the busiest and most valuable corners of the world's life while quick and fascinating currents

the best-financed and most-discussed evangelistic enterprise of the '20s and '30s, helped convince Van Dusen that there was some life in the old church yet. Though he soon outgrew Buchman's group, Pit had made up his mind, and he started on his way.

Avoiding the Fleshpots. The question of which church to serve posed no problem. His lawyer father was a casual Episcopalian,⁷⁹ his mother a devout Presbyterian. Pit unhesitatingly chose the Presbyterian for his ministry. "I wasn't keen about the liturgical emphasis in the Episcopal Church," he says, "I also thought it contained more charming nominal Christians than any other. I missed its lack of moral drive. My religious motivation is primarily moral, and always will be. I didn't have to read Reinhold Niebuhr to



UNION SEMINARY & HARLEM SUNDAY-SCHOOL PUPILS
What says the Gospel to an incredibly pagan city?

Martha Holmes

of thought and life surged around and past them . . . islands of slumbering inactivity amidst the urgent flow of public affairs . . . Second, two particular churches where [I] sat on under dull, mournful, interminable preaching by two elderly gentlemen in funeral black robes—undoubtedly sincere but . . . rather futile . . . The peripheral lethargy if not laziness of the church, the ineptitude if not stupidity of the ministry—irrelevance and futility—these are the two most ineffaceable deposits from early associations."

It was not surprising that Van Dusen hesitated to take the plunge. The Student Christian Association asked him to stay on for a couple of years as graduate secretary, and he accepted. During those two years, there came to Princeton an odd, owl-faced man with a quiet voice and a burning desire to get young people to "change," to "get right with God" in group confession and accept the daily guidance of the divine. Frank Buchman, whose "Oxford Group" later became Moral Re-Armament and mushroomed into

know about original sin. The forces of evil are always gaining ground, and must be stopped again and again. This is a continuous battle."

Van Dusen turned for advice to the greatest Presbyterian preacher and pastor of his time, Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin. Coffin advised him to do what he himself had done: study for a year at Edinburgh, then return for the rest of his training at Union Theological Seminary in Manhattan. Van Dusen agreed, and thereupon began walking in Dr. Coffin's footsteps.

At Edinburgh he took lodgings with two other Americans, and impressed them with his Spartan indifference to the deficiencies of Scottish heating, his zeal for theology, and his scrupulousness about accounting for every groat he spent from the trust fund in Philadelphia on which he was drawing.

He managed to find time for some mild

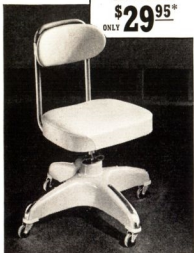
⁷⁸ Pit is still a lay member "in fairly good standing" of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Chestnut Hill.

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Martha Holmes

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In the Good Life, again more than getting and spending.

social life in Edinburgh; at one party he met Elizabeth Bartholomew of the Scottish mapmaking Bartholomews, whom he married in 1931 when he went back to Edinburgh for his Ph.D. But relaxation, social or otherwise, is not one of Pit Van Dusen's talents. Once, when his friend Erdman Harris and another classmate with some extra cash planned to visit Rome for a splurge during a winter recess, 23-year-old Van Dusen heard about it and quickly revised the plans.

He urged them to avoid the "fleshpots" of Europe; instead, he suggested, they should travel in second-class accommodations to the cities of Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, to study conditions under the postwar inflation and observe how U.S. relief money was being spent. Van Dusen ended by setting up the entire itinerary and going along.

Seclusion & Solitude. Back in the U.S., Van Dusen was licensed by the New York Presbytery, and almost at once found himself involved in the controversy then raging between the Fundamentalists and their liberal opponents. On the ground that young Van Dusen declined to affirm the literal Biblical account of the virgin birth, a conservative-minded judicial commission of the Presbyterian General Assembly challenged the right of the Presbytery to ordain him. The issue dragged on for two years before his ordination was officially recognized, with the help of a brief in his support by a Presbyterian lawyer named John Foster Dulles, who argued for the right of a Presbytery to determine the qualifications for ordination.

In 1926, when Dr. Coffin became president of Union, he asked his energetic young friend to join the faculty as instructor in philosophy of religion and systematic theology. Van Dusen turned down a teaching job at Princeton to accept. He has been at Union ever since, becoming

dean of students in 1931 and president on Dr. Coffin's retirement in 1945.

In the two square blocks of Manhattan's Morningside Heights enclosed by Union's grey Gothic buildings, Pit Van Dusen lives the fragmented and busy life of a corporation president, multiple board member, personal counselor and theologian. His day begins in his sunny, comfortable, ten-room apartment at 7:15 with a hot (then cold) shower, and ends there around midnight with a bedtime glass of ginger ale and milk. The period between is a hectic but orderly scramble of board meetings (he is a trustee of ten educational institutions, plus the Rockefeller Foundation and the General Education Board), lectures, student interviews and faculty meetings; day's end leaves his two secretaries with a thorough sense of having earned their pay. Van Dusen himself, likely as not, "takes his desk home" to catch up on his correspondence after dinner, with the help of a dictating machine.

Official dinners bore him; he accepts no more than three or four such invitations a year. The nearest thing to real relaxation for Van Dusen comes in the summer, when he takes about six weeks off to spend with his wife and three college-age boys at his country place at Sorrento, Me. Even here, he spends at least three hours a day studying and writing in a remote and tiny cabin named Seclusion, where he has written most of his twelve books and countless articles. (His wife has a similar cabin. Its name: Solitude.)

Glorious Despair. Van Dusen's biggest job at nondenominational Union has been reorganizing the seminary to meet the doubled postwar enrollment, plus the influx of students' wives. He rearranged housing facilities, started a program by which churches would finance Union students from their own budgets, increased

* Hugh, Derek, John.

the number of foreign fellows from about 20 to 64 this year, and upped the budget from roughly \$500,000 to \$1,100,000. Union has come a long way from that December day in 1836 when the seminary first opened its doors to 13 students who wanted, as the preamble to Union's charter put it, "to live free from party strife, and to stand aloof from all the extremes of doctrinal speculation, practical radicalism, and ecclesiastical domination."

Union students are no cloistered intellectuals. One of the original provisions in the Union charter was that the seminary should be subjected to all the pressures of city life. Today, this means exposure to slums and subways, to politics, raucousness and muggers, as well as to lectures on theology. Union, explains Dean of Students Bill Webber, wants its students to be shocked into asking: "What can the Gospel have to say to this incredibly pagan city?" And then it wants them to sit down and figure out the answer.

The glory of Union—and sometimes its despair—is its cherished tradition of complete theological freedom. Union theologians have periodically been denounced as heretics by each other as well as by outsiders; like workers in a boiler factory, they become alarmed at any sudden spell of quiet.

Van Dusen himself has been something of an upstream swimmer against the intellectual current prevailing at the seminary during the past two decades. These have been the "neo-orthodox" years of theological through-the-looking-glass, when the wildest radicals were the most Biblically conservative, and the mark of old fuddy-duddyism was a relaxed attitude toward dogma. Students jampack the classes of Reinhold Niebuhr to hear that man is not good and never will be, and that humans must be content to strive for conditional and imperfect ends.

Unknown but Close. One of the knottiest of Protestant doctrines, to modern minds, is the one raised by the main theme this summer at Evanston: Christian eschatology—literally, "the doctrine of last things," which includes, among other things, the Second Coming and the end of the world.

How will it happen—and when? The Judaism of the Old Testament contains three different concepts of the world's end: 1) God's destruction of the universe, 2) God's destruction of the universe, preserving some or all men for later judgment, 3) God's ending of the earthly order of things in history and the establishment of His kingdom on earth.

According to the New Testament—and the classic creeds—Christ, who has already come, will return a second time "to judge both the quick and the dead." The earliest Christians seem to have expected Christ's Second Coming and the end of the world as something that was just around the corner.

Later, from time to time, the imminent expectation of the Second Coming stirred up new flurries. Joachim of Flora speculated that Christ would return in



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the year 1260. In the 1590s, John Napier, the Scottish inventor of logarithms, predicted the Second Coming between the years 1668 and 1700, and Sir Isaac Newton, though unwilling to set a specific date, announced that he felt certain the time was at hand.

"Adventism," as it is sometimes called, has had a lively history in the U.S. as well. Its best-known prophet was William Miller, a New York State farmer who announced, after careful study of the Scriptures, that Christ would return and the world would end between March 21, 1843 and March 21, 1844. When the deadline came, with business as usual, Miller made a recalculation and revised the date to Oct. 22, 1844. Hundreds of Millerites dutifully sold their property, settled their accounts, and turned their faces skyward on the fateful morning.

Even after this second disappointment, there were still enough Millerites left to form the first Adventist organization the following year. Today there are half a dozen Adventist groups in the U.S. Largest of them: the Seventh-Day Adventists (membership: 268,533), who believe in the personal, visible return of Christ "at a time unknown but close at hand," when a new earth will be created out of the ruins of the old as an eternal dwelling place for the redeemed. The Seventh-Day Adventists will not be represented at Evanston. Reason: they consider their message unique and not to be submerged in the ecumenical movement.

Here & Now. When, in 1950, the World Council's central committee selected as the main theme for discussion at Evanston the subject, *Christ—the Hope of the World*, Pit Van Dusen was pleased. Most of us, he wrote later, would expect such a theme to result in a "restatement of what Christians are entitled to hope for the future of human society" and "a strong reaffirmation of the Christian assurance of eternal life." But the 25 theologians of an advisory commission, whose job it was to prepare a preliminary paper on the main theme, saw the hope in a different light.

Said one continental theologian, as they began their discussions: "We know that our American colleagues speak much of the First Coming of Christ. What troubles us is, we cannot be sure that they affirm His Second Coming."

As a leader of the ecumenical movement, Van Dusen could only deplore anything that might lead to Protestant disunity. But as a theologian, it would be difficult to remain silent on a question of emphasis so fundamental to his faith. And as director of the Evanston sessions that will discuss the theme, he could not allow himself openly to take sides.

Pit Van Dusen solved his dilemma by publishing in the *Christian Century* a succinct statement of the two principal Protestant positions on the Second Coming of Christ: 1) that the whole of Christian hope must be stated in terms of the ultimate eschatological hope; 2) while affirming Christ's Second Coming, "this expectation by no means exhausts



THEOLOGIAN NIEBUHR
Sin is back in fashion.

the whole of Christian hope" but finds important elements in "the presence of Christ as empowering reality here and now."

To these he added a third proposition, and its fuller development indicated that it was Van Dusen's own. This view "does not deny the possibility of Christ's return to end history. But it does not believe this expectation to be an essential element in Christian hope for the world, and for at least two reasons. It points to the indubitable fact that the early church anticipated the imminent return of Christ and that that expectation was not fulfilled..."

"On the other hand, this third view questions whether the whole idea of a 'future fulfillment' of history is a conception that... can be given any intelligible or valid meaning whatsoever. In what sense would the return of Christ in some distant tomorrow fulfill the centuries of history which have already intervened since His First Coming, not to speak of the millennia which may well pass before history ends?"

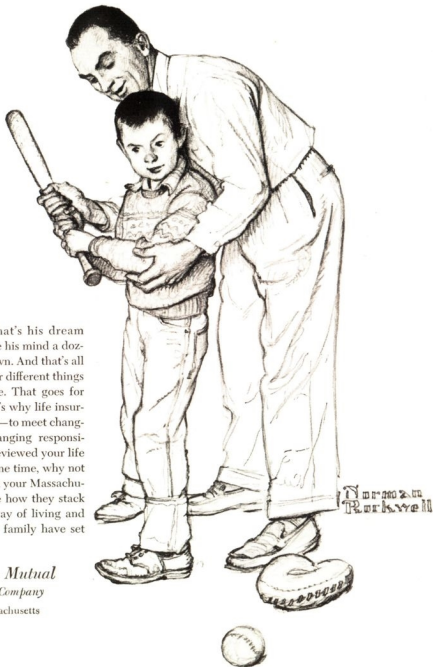
Van Dusen's concluding advice to Christians in a Lenten era:

"American Christians [at Evanston] must come to grips with [a] term almost as unfamiliar to their ears as was the term 'ecumenical' 20 or even 10 years ago—the term 'eschatological.' Not only must they accustom their ears to the sound of the word; they must give their minds and hearts to the attempt to comprehend it and why it holds so decisive, so pivotal a place in the hope of fellow Christians in many lands and of many traditions.

"But above all, they should re-examine critically the nature and ground of their own hope as Christians, in order that they may give a clear, convinced and convincing account of the faith that is in them."

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RADIO & TV

Awards

The winners of the 14th Annual Peabody Awards, announced in Manhattan this week:

RADIO

NEWS: ABC's Chet Huntley (of Los Angeles station KABC), because he has "consistently demonstrated a talent for mature commentary on the controversial issues of the day."

PUBLIC SERVICE (REGIONAL): Atlanta's NBC station WSB, for adding "luster" to broadcasting with its project, *Removing the Rust from Radio*.

PUBLIC SERVICE (LOCAL): Station WBAA of Barnwell, S.C., for its "new and attractive concept in religious broadcasting" in its series, *Church of Your Choice*.

TELEVISION

NEWS: Gerald W. Johnson (of Baltimore's WAAM-TV), for "his profound sense of political history, his graceful literary style, and his outspoken courage."

MUSIC: NBC's *TV Opera Theater*, for its "memorable productions" of *Macbeth*, *Carmen* and *Rosenkavalier*.

ENTERTAINMENT: a double award, to NBC's Fred Coe, producer of the *Philco-Goodyear TV Playhouse* (for "superior standards and achievement"), and to NBC's Imogene Coca of *Your Show of Shows* (for "implike, contagious and entirely original humor").

EDUCATION: a double award, to Manhattan's *Camera Three* on station WCBS-TV ("stimulating, instructive, civilized"), and to Los Angeles' *Cavalcade of Books* on CBS station KNXT (for helping "to spread the word about the joys of reading").

CHILDREN: NBC's *Mr. Wizard*, as "a captivating example of how education can be made progressive without the loss of fundamentals."

INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING: the British Broadcasting Corp., for its TV films of the coronation.

SPECIAL AWARD: CBS's Edward R. Murrow, because "he believes passionately in the capacity of this country to do the right thing."

The Busy Air

¶ In Washington, the Supreme Court ended a five-year battle between the networks and the Federal Communications Commission. By a unanimous vote the court, reversing FCC, decided that giveaway shows are not lotteries, and therefore, the networks may put as many of them on the air as they wish.

¶ In Philadelphia, a trash collector put CBS-TV's *What in the World* temporarily off the air. The show, a panel program on which three experts try to identify various articles from museum collections, had to substitute an old kinescope for last week's show when it was discovered that nine valuable museum pieces

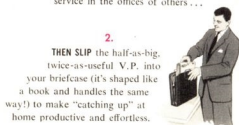


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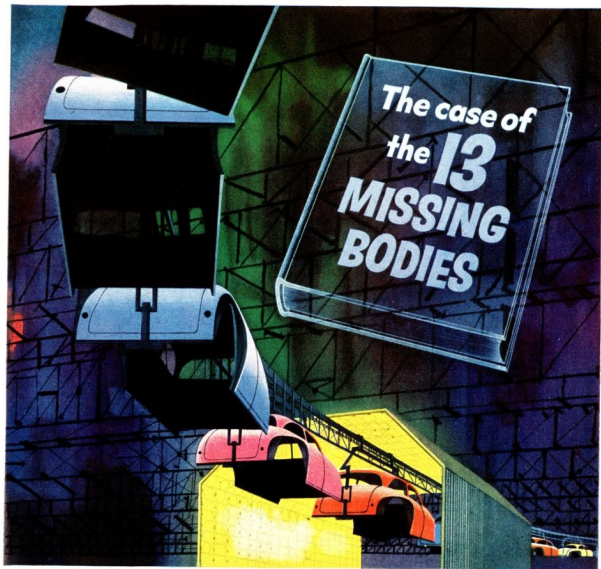
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had vanished from the studios of station WCAU-TV. The articles—a bronze spearhead, a Balinese wood carving, a bronze Indian antelope and some African sculpture—were recovered from a city dump six miles away. Said the trash remover: "I looked over the things after they'd been brought back. They still looked like junk to me."

¶ In London, the British Broadcasting Corp. announced the purchase in the U.S. of two TV shows for the edification of British viewers: *Amos 'n' Andy* and a western series called *Range Rider*.

¶ In Manhattan, Pressagent Edward L. Bernays released the results of Part II of a continuing survey on audience reaction to TV commercials. In Part I, educators and businessmen had found TV commercials irritating. In Part II, bartenders, barbers, beauticians and butchers were even more vigorous, denouncing TV commercials as "nerve wrecking," "cheap," "noisy," "unutterably silly" and full of "too much yak-yak about nothing."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, April 16. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Parsifal*, with Svanholm, London, Hotter, Vichegonov, Varnay.

Sunrise Service (Sun. 8 a.m., CBS). The 34th annual Easter service from Hollywood Bowl.

Stage-Struck (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). Guest: Danny Kaye.

Sunday with Garroway (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). A new variety show.

Suspense (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Richard Widmark in *The Card Game*.

Six-Shooter (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., NBC). With Jimmy Stewart.

President Eisenhower (Thurs. 10:30 p.m., all networks). An address to the American Newspaper Publishers Association, from Manhattan.

TELEVISION

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow interviews Archbishop Richard J. Cushing of Boston, and Designer Lilly Daché.

Martha Raye Show (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). With Rocky Graziano, J. Fred Muggs.

Easter Parade (Sun. noon, NBC). From Manhattan's Fifth Avenue.

The Triumphant Hour (Sun. 1:30 p.m., ABC). Easter drama, with Ann Blyth, Don Ameche, Pat O'Brien, Roddy McDowall.

Once Upon an EasterTime (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). With Bobby Clark, Doretta Morrow, Gwen Verdon.

Philco TV Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Joan Greenwood in *The King and Mrs. Candle*.

Packard Show (Sun. 9:15 p.m., ABC). A new show, with Singer Martha Wright.

Motorola TV Hour (Tues. 9:30 p.m., ABC). *Black Chiffon* with Judith Anderson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Martyn Green.

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EDUCATION

Tale of Two Palaces

Ever since 1900, when Archaeologist Sir Arthur Evans first discovered the hundreds of clay tablets in the ruins of King Minos' great palace at Knossos, Crete, scholars have been puzzling over a mystery. Some of the tablets bear a type of script that Evans named Linear A. Others bear symbols that indicate another



Brian Seed

LONDON'S VENTRIS
Traced: the KO-WO of KO-NO-SO.

language, which Evans called Linear B. What sort of language is it, and what do the tablets say? For half a century, scholars have been guessing.

Last week in the U.S. quarterly *Archaeology*, a plausible solution came from an amateur: a young (31) London architect named Michael Ventris. It so happened that as a schoolboy of thirteen, Ventris heard a lecture by Sir Arthur Evans, has been fascinated by the Minoan mystery ever since. If his present solution is correct, scholars will not only have to rewrite the history of Crete, they will also have to change their ideas about the civilization of the pre-Homeric Greeks.

Minoans on the Mainland? Using his knowledge of ancient languages (Greek and Latin), plus some of the methods he learned as a wartime cryptographer, Ventris began his work in earnest after the publication in 1951 of a book concerning another great discovery. The book was about the work of Professor Carl Blegen of the University of Cincinnati, who had come across 600 tablets while excavating the site of what is believed to have been the palace of King Nestor of Pylos, one of the great, Greek-speaking Achaean heroes of the *Iliad*. Since the Evans and Blegen tablets were in the same Linear B script, it was obvious that Knossos on the island of Crete and Pylos on the mainland of

Greece had some close connection. But scholars had long assumed that the Achaeans were illiterate, for Homer gives little real indication that his heroes could write. The tablets, concluded the scholars, were therefore probably in the unknown language of the Minoans—the work of a group of conquerors or colonists from the superior civilization of Crete.

At first Ventris also favored the idea that the tablets were Minoan. That being the case, he had few hints as to their meaning, except for the tiny pictures (e.g., a horse's head, a chariot, a cup) that accompanied some of the text. Otherwise, the writing seemed to consist of about 88 "signs," each one apparently denoting a syllable. With the help of Cambridge Philologist John Chadwick, Ventris began experimenting. He counted the frequencies of various signs, tried to determine how often they might appear at the beginning, the middle, or the end of words. Then he began to investigate the various changes in word endings, found that they seemed to follow certain rules of grammar much like those of Greek. Finally, he began coupling various Greek syllable sounds with likely signs on the tablets. To one word, for instance, he assigned the Greek sounds KO-NO-SO (Knossos), and to another word with the same beginning, he assigned KO-WO, or *kor-wos*, classical Greek for boy. Taking his cue from the tablets' pictures, Ventris tried other combinations. To his delight, the tablets at last began to make sense.

Notes from a Kitchen. From one tablet bearing pictures of cups, jars and crockery, Ventris got more encouragement. The tablet was obviously an inventory from the kitchens of Pylos, and since some of the pictures showed cups or bowls with up to four handles, Ventris began applying appropriate Greek numbers to the accompanying texts. Thus he found that all the three-handled cups were described by the word beginning *t-ri*, and the four-handled vessels began with *que-t-ro*, a likely early form of the Greek word. Furthermore, when there were two cups in question, their names had endings "which are exactly what those Greek words require in the dual form."

Building on such clues, Ventris and other scholars have been able to translate enough to get an enlarged picture of life at Pylos. Though Homer mentions few craftsmen, and has thus given rise to the notion that the Achaeans were a primitive society with only elementary skills, Ventris and the archaeologists found an abundant record of priests, bakers, tailors, goldsmiths, seamstresses, bath attendants. But of all the inscriptions he examined, one struck Ventris in particular. It came, not from Pylos, but from Knossos, yet it clearly bears the names of four Greek gods and goddesses—"the Mistress Athena," "the God of War (Ares)," "the Healer (Apollo)," and "Poseidon."

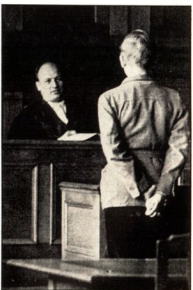
Last week Ventris felt he had enough evidence to hazard two corrections to

ancient history. For one thing, says he, the Achaeans were a literate race 700 years before the time of Homer, and secondly, it was they, not the Minoans, who did the traveling. Indeed, says Ventris, the Achaeans must have gone to Crete long before 1400 B.C., probably ruling there as conquerors, living in the palace of Knossos, turning out their tablets—"this first record of a language which, after participating in many adventures of the human mind, is still spoken today by eight million people."

The Chocolate Judge

In any other court, it might have seemed that the bench was having a little joke, but District Judge Karl Holzschuh of Darmstadt, Germany, meant every word he said. The defendant in the case was a 17-year-old boy who had just been convicted of stealing a motorcycle and roaring about the streets. The judge, however, had no intention of clapping him in jail. "You will never know the beauties of nature," said he, "if all you do is drive through it like a madman." The boy's sentence: a year-long membership in the local walking club.

In the past two years, Darmstadt has grown accustomed to such unorthodox punishments meted out by Karl Holzschuh. A kindly man of 46 with a fringe of yellow hair about his bald head, he is known throughout the district as the



Fritz Homme

DARMSTADT'S HOLZSCHUH & DEFENDANT
Ordered: a good deed for the bad.

"Chocolate Judge" because he once sentenced a little girl, convicted of stealing chocolate, to donate a candy bar each week to an orphanage. More respectful Germans, however, have another name—"The Solomon of Darmstadt"—for the man chiefly responsible for cutting the local delinquency rate by 40%.

The theory behind the judge's sentences is a simple one. Except for obvious criminals, says he, most young people "have

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simply gone astray and must get another chance. They must perform some good deed related to the bad." Before each trial, Holzschuh tries to get to know the defendant. He makes the accused talk about his interests, asks him about the books he reads. Then, when the judge has heard the case, he makes the punishment fit the crime. Among the cases he has handled:

¶ A baker's apprentice who stole a small sum of money from his employer. Sentence: to bake a batch of Easter bunnies for the children in the Darmstadt hospital.

¶ A 16-year-old boy convicted of robbing a younger boy in a swimming-pool locker room. Sentence: to help the younger boy with his school lessons for one year.

¶ Two boys who had "borrowed" two motorcycles. Sentence: to buy a year's subscription to *Die Bruecke*, a magazine for released convicts, and to take it each month to the Darmstadt prison. "Each time you go there," said the judge, "just think how terrible it would be if the big gates closed behind you."

¶ A 17-year-old employee of a Communist newspaper who was arrested for disturbing the peace in a Communist demonstration. Sentence: to read one "neutral" book each month and submit a report of it to the court. Result of the case: one new recruit to the Anti-Communist cause.

Report Card

¶ Having finally been forced to conclude his career as a bogus college professor, Marvin Hewitt, the degreessless wonder who got seven academic posts under four different names (*TIME*, March 15), received an offer from the city where his father was killed while on duty as a police sergeant. Wrote Philadelphia's Managing Director Robert K. Sawyer: "If your masquerade is really over, it might be possible to find a place for you and your family here."

¶ After 13 years of urging "clergy and laity, in season and out of season, to stop the sin of racial segregation," Roman Catholic Archbishop Robert E. Lucey issued a flat order to the 80 parochial schools in the archdiocese of San Antonio. "Henceforth," said he in a pastoral letter, "no Catholic child may be refused admittance to any school maintained by the archdiocese merely for reason of color, race or poverty."

¶ U.S. private schools are something of a national necessity, said U.S. Education Commissioner Samuel M. Brownell last week: "It is sometimes said that [the private schools] are undemocratic and un-American. The fact is, however, that . . . by their historic contributions to our tradition of freedom of belief and freedom to teach . . . they exemplify a democratic freedom . . . Cultivation of a habitual awareness of God and . . . teaching the history and bases of religion are inalienable rights which the non-public schools may exercise in their attempts to make God-centered rather than self-centered youth." Indeed, concluded Brownell, the greatness of American education as a whole is due largely to "its very diversity."

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MUSIC

Shocker in Rome

The Rome Opera House puts great stress on some kinds of decorum: the doorman turned famed Composer Igor Stravinsky away one night last week because he was not in formal dress. But Romans have no rules against hoots and whistles during a performance that fails to please them. *Boulevard Solitude*, a much-discussed, three-year-old opera by a 27-year-old German named Hans Werner Henze, went against the grain that night and drew a record outburst.

Henze's plot takes the old story of *Manon Lescaut* forward to the Paris of 1950 and turns its willful heroine into a strumpet and murderess, her brother into a pimp and thief. Henze's music is largely



HANS WERNER HENZE
Dodecaphony but not phony.

in a clangorous twelve-tone technique. After a successful series of performances in Germany, *Boulevard Solitude* was chosen as a showcase for Rome's two-week International Conference on Contemporary Music. Familiar as they were with operatic plots featuring faithless love (*Pagliacci*), harlotry (*Traviata*), rape (*Don Giovanni*), incest (*Die Walküre*), bastardy (*Norma*), Gomorrahism (*The Rake's Progress*) and murder (*Tosca*, etc.), Rome's select first-night audience balked at *Boulevard Solitude*.

What bothered Romans was the sordidness of Henze's *Manon* & Co. in contemporary setting. And they found the patience of *Manon's* wronged lover, Armand, especially intolerable. When Manon betrayed him for the last time, he sang, "I can stand it no more!" and the audience, almost as one, howled back, "Neither can I!" Even the old gentlemen of the Hunt and Chess clubs, who occupied stage boxes, stood up and yelled "*basta!*"

(enough!) with the gang in the balcony. At times, the only indications that music was being performed were the movements of singers' mouths and the conductor's baton.

Some observers admired the staging, which was done under Composer Henze's direction. The backdrop was surrealistic, the action stark; much of the time dancers moved in the distance, derisively, sometimes vulgarly satirizing the downstage action. But the critics denounced the work unanimously, suggested that the composer was too much the child of a corrupt and violent age. "His soul," wrote *Il Tempo's* critic, "is a page on which the evils of our age have written cruel words."

Blond, amiable Hans Werner Henze, who was drafted in the *Wehrmacht* at 16, rose to corporal, was dazed and worried at his reception. "It's simply a modern love story," he said. "Love and beauty are always expressed in pure dodecaphony [twelve-tone technique], but when I want to stress corruption and immorality the music becomes tonal. They say my opera shows evil, but how can one be evil when one is sincere?" He had one consolation: "At least," he said, "nobody fell asleep at my opera."

Going Longhair?

As the music season drew to a close and the baseball season opened, the tradesheet *Billboard* proudly front-paged some comparative figures. In 1953, reported *Billboard*, 35 million attended professional musical performances (almost as many as the 37 million who went to major- and minor-league baseball games). At the box offices in 2,100 communities, music lovers spent \$50 million, while the whole of organized baseball took in only \$40 million. With the classical record market taking 30% of record-sale dollars, it looked, thought *Billboard*, as if the U.S. might be going longhair.

Giant Remembered

In Philadelphia's Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany last week, music lovers heard something that was avowedly "different": the beginning of a three-day festival of music by Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672). It was staged by Conductor William H. Reese of the Haverford College Glee Club, partly because he wanted to avoid the "usual mishmash and hodgepodge" of choral programs, partly because from the time he was in college himself, he has been a stout Schütz admirer.

Composer Schütz was one of music's 17th century giants*; known as "the father of German music," he composed the first German opera (*Dafne*), and was the man who managed to fuse solid German choral counterpoint with Italy's exciting new "concerted" style that combined voices and instruments. Schütz's music

* Others: Holland's Jan Pieterzoon Sweelinck, Italy's Giovanni Gabrieli, Claudio Monteverdi and Girolamo Frescobaldi.



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HEINRICH SCHÜTZ
 For father, a hearing.

Faithful, to the haunting cantata, Saul, Saul, Why Persecutest Thou Me?

Director Reese hardly expected to make Schütz fans of his audience in one concert, was ready for one listener's "My, it's very different, isn't it?", another's hopeful sigh after the final Amen, "Is it really over?" At least among his chorists, familiarity bred delight. As one young singer burred after the music was over: "Wait till you hear tomorrow's program. That 84th Psalm—it's terrific!"

New Records

Bartok: Piano Concerto No. 3 (Julius Katchen; Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Ernest Ansermet; London). One of Bartok's last works and also, with its richly sustained orchestration and fluent melodies, one of his most accessible. Pianist Katchen (TIME, March 1) gives it a mellow, sensitive performance.

Beethoven: Bagatelles (Grant Johansen; Concert Hall). Into these "trifles," Beethoven poured some of his loftiest imaginings and fiercest humors. The Johansen performance covers 26 numbers. On a Cook LP, Pianist Leonid Hambro plays half a dozen of the late *Bagatelles*, together with Beethoven's powerful 32 *Variations in C Minor*. Both performances are first-rate.

Beethoven: Missa Solemnis (Robert Shaw Chorale, NBC Symphony and soloists conducted by Arturo Toscanini; Victor, 2 LPs). Beethoven's most massive vocal work. Cruelly demanding on both singers and listeners, it was performed only once during his lifetime. It is no

less demanding today, and some of the strain shows in this version. The Maestro gives it a feeling of magnificent urgency despite the fact that the soloists sound faint and distant.

Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1 (Rudolf Serkin; Cleveland Orchestra conducted by George Szell; Columbia). A superior account of a highly romantic score. Pianist Serkin's steely fingers ripple out a performance that yields but never sags, shouts but never blasts.

Mozart: Bastien und Bastienne (Ilse Hollweg, Waldemar Kmentt, Walter Berry, soloists; Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by John Pritchard; Columbia). Written with eloquent precocity by a twelve-year-old Mozart, this one-act masterpiece is packed with charm and freshness. Its story of lovers' jealousy, scheming and reunion is spiritedly sung, and Soprano Hollweg is brilliant.

Saint-Saëns: Piano Concerto No. 2 (Emil Gilels; State Orchestra of the U.S.S.R. conducted by Kiril Kondrashin; Vanguard). Top-ranking Soviet Pianist Gilels, in a rare U.S. hearing, sounds every bit as impressive as his reputation. His tone can melt or soar, and he has power to spare. Recording: good.

Schoenberg: Gurre-Lieder (Chorus and orchestra of Paris' New Symphony Society and soloists conducted by René Leibowitz; Haydn Society, 3 LPs). The first complete LP recording of a turning-point (1901-11) masterpiece by Atonalist-to-be Schoenberg. The vast score calls for an orchestra of 155 instruments, a minimum chorus of 180 and six soloists, spins out the supernatural romance in a delicate blend of Wagner and Mahler. Performed and recorded with enthusiastic care.

Songs and Ballads of America's Wars (Frank Warner; Elektra). An informal collection of old pulse-bumpers, many of them all but forgotten. They range from *Felix the Soldier*, a delightfully wry recollection of the French and Indian War by a conscript Irishman, to such truculent songs of the Confederacy as *The Bonnie Blue Flag* and *The Old Unreconstructed*.*

Other noteworthy new records: two LPs of music of the 13th to 17th centuries recorded by the Collegium Musicum, Yale University School of Music, under the direction of Paul Hindemith (*Overtone*); Liszt's *Sonata in B Minor*, played by Alexander Uninsky (Epic); a *Millstein Recital*, Pergolesi to Milstein himself (Capitol); *Schubert Quartets*, Nos. 13-15, played by the Budapest String Quartet (Columbia, 3 LPs); a complete version of Wagner's *Lohengrin* as sung by Eleanor Steber, Astrid Varnay and Wolfgang Windgassen at Bayreuth last summer (London, 5 LPs).

* Sample verse:

*I rid with Old Jeb Stuart and his band of
Southern horse
And there never were no Yankees who could
meet us force to force.
No! they never did defeat us, but we never
could evade
Their dirty jurrin politics and their cowardly
blockade.*

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ART



ETCHING FROM "LA TAUROMAQUIA"

As Goya saw it, a recurring drama of blood, grace and courage.

Francisco of the Bulls

Besides being one of Spain's greatest painters, Francisco José de Goya y Lucientes was an ardent aficionado of the bullfight. He sometimes signed his name "Francisco de los Toros," and he claimed to have faced the bulls himself in his youth. At 60, after a lifetime of watching the recurring drama of blood, grace and courage, Goya set out to do a pictorial history of the bullfight. The result was a magnificent series of etchings called *La Tauromaquia*.

The etchings traced the development of bullfighting from its beginnings among the ancient Spaniards who fought in the open country, through the heyday of such distinguished amateurs as the Cid and King Charles V, and up to Goya's own time. One of his best scenes from the early days of bullfighting shows a group of *toreros* harassing with spears and a primitive *banderilla* a defiant bull that has downed two of their number. Another dramatic moment is captured in Goya's picture of the death of Pepe Illo, a popular 18th century matador and friend of Goya, who was killed in the Madrid bull ring in May 1801. Goya pictures Illo down before the bull, his hands grasping feebly at the tearing horns. In this, as in all the etchings, Goya seemed to stop the action with a camera's precision in its most exciting fraction of a second.

The first commercial edition of the 33 etchings of the *Tauromaquia* (Goya himself printed only a few copies in 1815) did not come out until 1855. A second edition was printed in 1876. Limited to 400 copies, it sold like wildfire, but a repeat printing was impossible because the plates were lost. They were found again in 1915, and a third and a fourth edition were printed. Finally, the plates disappeared once more during the Spanish Civil War, and it was feared that they

had been destroyed in the fighting. In the last few years, the price of a set of the etchings soared to \$2,500.

Earlier this year, however, an official of Madrid's *Círculo de Bellas Artes*, cleaning out the club's storerooms, found the plates again, hidden among bags of coal, pieces of broken furniture and ruined statuary in the basement. Last week the plates were cleaned and readied once more for the presses. The *Círculo* will put out a fifth edition of the *Tauromaquia*, limited to 500 copies, to sell at \$1,000 a set.



KNAPP & "ANGRY BULL"

As he sees it, a formalized ferocity.

Escape to Fame

Only twelve years ago, Stefan Knapp was a refugee wandering through Soviet Russia, feeding himself on roots, berries, and—on lucky days—the meat of cats and rats. Now, at 32, Knapp is a successful painter whose one-man show last week was a high point of the London season. Twenty-six of his pictures were sold by the Hanover Gallery, and Knapp was considering two commissions as a muralist.

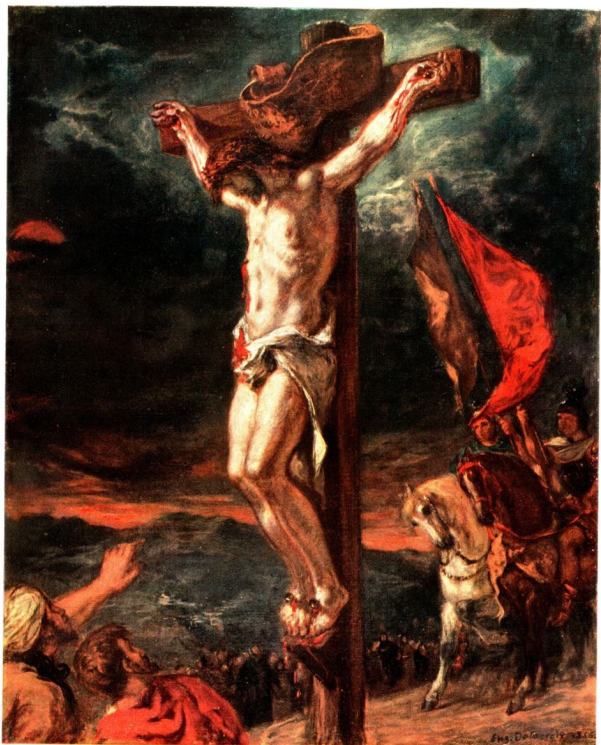
The pictures on view were iridescent semi-abstracts in which bonelike black lines formed skeletal figures encompassing colored geometric shapes. *Angry Bull*, whose heavy lines encased blocks of purple, yellow, red, green and orange, suggested a formalized matador and a ferociously rigid bull. *Not Exactly a Horse* was an assembly of triangles and rectangles which, for all its abstractness, managed to look remarkably like a horse. All of the canvases showed rare originality and a deliberate, controlled ferocity.

Back from Siberia. Painter Knapp's own life story is as strange and tempestuous as any of his canvases. An art student in Lwów, Poland, he was picked up by the Russians in 1939 and packed off in a cattle truck jammed with other prisoners consigned to slave labor camps. Knapp's most nightmarish memory of the journey: a baby born in the crowded truck died. When guards opened the doors to water the prisoners, the Poles pushed the body out. It was pushed right back again. Finally, the prisoners squeezed the tiny corpse through the window bars.

Knapp was imprisoned in Siberia until 1942, when the hard-pressed Russians decided to release a group of the prisoners. With no food, money or work permits, Knapp and his friends headed south, eating anything they could scavenge, finally made it to India. The British sent Knapp to England, and he ended the war as a fighter pilot with the Royal Air Force.

From the Bone. Knapp took up his interrupted studies, this time at London's Slade School of Fine Art. He was too poor to buy canvas, but rather than restrict himself to watercolors, he set out to find a medium that would stick to paper and still have the versatile quality of oil. With the help of some chemistry lessons and an egg beater, he developed a secret mixture that did the trick. The new medium, which has a luminous quality, can also be applied to glass and metal.

Experimenting with paint mixtures convinced Knapp that he had a flair for invention. His next was a papier-mâché spherical lamp shade; he sold the process for £1,000. This was enough money to permit Knapp to settle down to serious painting. The result, as viewed by Londoners last week, was a kind of abstraction that suggests reality in much the same way that a child's oversimplifications stress meaningful fundamentals. Says Knapp: "I wanted to say it in the simplest possible way. I'm not interested in the shell of the human being, but in the symbol of the human being. . . . I decided to work from the inside, from the bone."



PUBLIC FAVORITES (38): DELACROIX'S "CHRIST ON THE CROSS"

THROUGHOUT the Christian era, artists have found the Crucifixion a supreme challenge to their painting powers. Eugène Delacroix, who considered all painting to be simply a "bridge between the mind of the painter and

that of the spectator," met the ever-recurring challenge with a lightning flash of feeling in his canvas above. Painted in 1846, it is the public favorite at one of the nation's best small museums, the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore.

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New Musical in Manhattan

By the *Beautiful Sea* (music & lyrics by Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields; book by Dorothy and Herbert Fields) is a cheerful spot, at least till the tide starts running out. A lavish musical about early-in-the-century Coney Island, it has a bright and diverting first act, and it has Shirley Booth all the way. Shirley Booth may not be to musicomedy what Ethel Merman or Mary Martin is, but she is one of the wonders of show business. Her personal warmth almost seems to constitute (or render superfluous) a style of acting: her Lottie Gibson seems a triumph of little more than charm, bad grammar and a sort of rented singing voice. But quite equal to her natural appeal is her



SHIRLEY BOOTH

When the tide is in, a cheerful spot.

brilliantly unobtrusive, indirect-lighted showmanship.

Actress Booth is well cast as a troupier who also runs a theatrical boarding house; and it is too bad that the raffish life of show folk is not oftener blended with the razzle-dazzle of the Midway. Instead, the uninspired libretto ordains that Lottie shall fall for a divorced Shakespearean actor with a troubled and troublesome daughter, and that their romance shall not only run on & on, but eventually trudge and finally creep.

The high jinks rather slow down, too. But while Shirley is dancing a clog and singing *In the Good Old Summertime* against Composer Schwartz's *Coney Island Boat*, or while she is riding with Wilbur Evans through the Tunnel of Love, or going up in a Fourth of July balloon, it is all very festive. And when Mae Barnes lets go with *Happy Habit*, or sparks the second act with *Hang Up*, it is all very fine. Arthur Schwartz's score

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is pleasant; there are some lively Tamiris dances and attractive Mielziner sets. The show needs more boardwalk and less book, but Shirley Booth makes amends, on the whole, for Shakespeare.

New Plays in Manhattan

The Magic and the Loss (by Julian Funt) is an adult but unharmonized play. In some degree it is unharmonized, perhaps, through being adult. The play raises a complex of questions; and even if it is not so old-fashioned as to try to answer them, it cannot altogether clothe and dramatize them, either. Playwright Funt tells of Grace Wilson (Uta Hagen), a divorced Manhattan career woman, Grace is gunning for a much bigger job at her



Eileen Darby—Graphic House
LEE BOWMAN & UTA HAGEN
In a man's world, lack of elbow room.

advertising agency. She has an agency executive (Lee Bowman) for a lover, a 14-year-old son (Charles Taylor) who stumbles onto the love affair, and an ex-husband, a West Coast professor (Robert Preston), who comes east on a visit and captures the boy's affections.

Grace's various problems both interlock and collide: the struggle for the job helps lose her lover; the presence of the lover alienates the boy. The deepest problem of all is that fierce drive inside herself that makes bosses, husbands and lovers shy away, and makes her simultaneously bitter about a "man's world." With a final slightly pat irony, Grace gets the big job only because the man who is given first pick wants too much money.

The play is honestly and in spots movingly written. It is also well staged and acted, with Actress Hagen brilliantly right as Grace. Its content is valid; the chief trouble is a kind of clash between form and content. By relying on a naturalistic method, the play comes to need the greater fullness and freedom of the novel. There are too many problems in *The Magic*—indeed, too many potential

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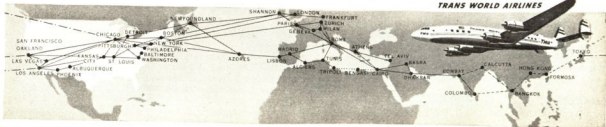
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problem plays—for it to focus quite right, or reverberate enough on the stage. Thus, for lack of elbow room, the play has Grace, within minutes, faced with the loss of job, child and lover. The lover, having served his turn, is folded up and pushed out of sight like a card table. The naturalistic method necessitates at times too melodramatic a pace, at other times too moralistic a demonstration.

Yet the demonstration is generally sound, and the people are not overdrawn. In his chronicle of one woman, Playwright Funt is examining a citified, slick, aware, pedigreed-dog-eat-dog way of life. It needs more vibrantly expressive treatment in stage form; yet it rings truer, even as it stands, than most things that adorn the Broadway stage.

Anniversary Waltz (by Jerome Chodorov & Joseph Fields) tells of a couple (Kitty Carlisle & Macdonald Carey) who are celebrating their 15th wedding anniversary. The husband gets high enough

to inform his in-laws that it is really a 16th anniversary—there was a year of unholy wedlock at the outset. No sooner are the wife's parents quieted down than the couple's teen-age kids start acting up. In fact, the daughter Tells All on a TV show. After this, the husband is so mad—or the playwrights are so desperate—that he walks out on his wife, then comes home to a wife mad enough to walk out on him, only she finds she is going to have a baby.

There is something so authentically unpleasant about the characters that the play might have some value if it aimed at realism. Aiming as it does at entertainment, it merely proves the shoddy road that can be traveled in the quest for laughs. *Anniversary Waltz* fetches a laugh, now and then, at the expense of such sitting ducks as TV and progressive schools. But mostly it is crude, unavailing hackwork—domestic comedy that, when all else fails, drags the comic maid out of the kitchen.

MILESTONES

Born. To Shirley Temple, 25, onetime Hollywood child star, and her second husband, Charles A. Black, 35, former TV executive; their second child (her third), first daughter; by Caesarean section; in Santa Monica, Calif. Name: Lori Alden. Weight: 7 lbs. 1 oz.

Born. To Herman Wouk, 38, bestselling novelist (*The Caine Mutiny*) and playwright (*The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*), and Betty Sarah Brown Wouk, 33; their third child, third son; in Manhattan. Name: Joseph. Weight: 7 lbs. 8 oz.

Died. Dwight Palmer Griswold, 60, Republican U.S. Senator from Nebraska since January 1953, three-term governor of Nebraska (1941-47); of a coronary occlusion; in Bethesda, Md.

Died. Saburo Kuruu, 68, onetime Japanese "peace" envoy to the U.S. (1941) who, with Ambassador Kichisaburo Nomura, was negotiating with Secretary of State Cordell Hull when Japan struck Pearl Harbor; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Tokyo. Three weeks before war came, he arrived in Washington to settle growing U.S.-Japanese differences. On Pearl Harbor day, Nomura handed his country's last insolent note to Secretary Hull, waited silently as Hull replied: "I have never seen a document . . . more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions . . ." Shipped home, Kuruu contributed little to Japan's war effort, was never indicted in postwar trials of Japanese war criminals.

Died. Fritz Scheff, 72, Vienna-born prima donna and the toast of Broadway at the turn of the century; in Manhattan. Leaving the Metropolitan Opera, Soprano Scheff became a popular star overnight singing *Kiss Me Again* in Broadway's

opening of Victor Herbert's *Mlle. Modiste* (1905), earned up to \$4,000 a week in such musical plays as *The Two Roses*, *Fatinitza* and *Boccaccio*.

Died. Joseph Patrick Tumulty, 74, shrewd Jersey City ward politician who rose to be the longtime (1911-21) secretary to Woodrow Wilson; in Olney, Md. After unsuccessfully opposing Wilson's bid for the New Jersey governorship in 1910, Tumulty joined Wilson's camp, became his closest political adviser. As a highly effective political balance to his scholarly chief, gregarious Joe Tumulty reveled in political dogfights, handled White House patronage, but was never noted for his verbal discretion. In 1919, when Wilson was stricken by cerebral thrombosis, Tumulty suggested that he be declared incapable of holding office and allow Vice President Thomas Marshall to take over. The two men parted; Tumulty opened a law office, wrote two autobiographical accounts of the Wilson Administration.

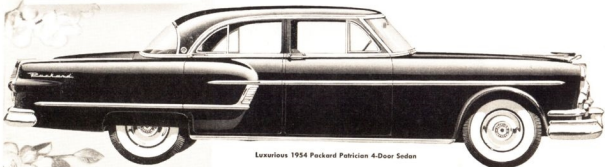
Died. Pierre Samuel du Pont, 84, longtime (1915-40) head of the world's largest chemicals empire, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (assets: \$668,387,711); in Wilmington, Del. Du Pont developed the first practical smokeless powder (1893), during World War I made a fortune supplying munitions to the Allies. After investing \$49 million in General Motors, he borrowed \$35 million more (1920) to save the company from bankruptcy, soon put G.M. back on its feet. Assailed as a "merchant of death" during the early '30s, Pierre began to plow wartime profits into peacetime research, developed many profitable new chemical products (e.g., Cellophane, nylon, synthetic rubber). Resigning as chairman of the board of directors at 70, he devoted himself to philanthropy and gardening.

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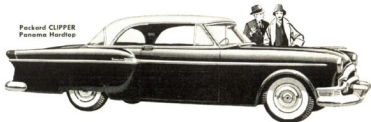
Packard dealers everywhere proudly invite you to a nationwide Spring Showing of the complete new Packard line for 1954.

Here is "that Packard look"—advance contour styling first offered by Packard, and now setting the trend in all automotive design. This is styling with a purpose, permitting a clearer view of the road, wider doors, chair-high posture seats and countless other thought-

ful Packard features that bring a new relaxing comfort to driving.

Quality-built as only Packard can build, these luxurious new Packards and popular-priced Packard Clippers set a new standard of automobile values. With their new, quiet, high-compression engines, optional power features and famed Packard ride, they are America's most rewarding cars to own. See them at Packard dealers now.

Packard CLIPPER
Panama Hardtop



Packard presents a complete line in its new CLIPPER series, offering true fine-car quality at a popular price. If you plan to buy a car in the \$2300 class be sure to see the '54 Packard CLIPPER.

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS Cheers & a Groan

Of all the battlefronts of U.S. business, few are more crucial than construction. Last week the news from the builders was good. Instead of slumping off, construction is climbing at a record rate. First-quarter figures showed expenditures of \$7.3 billion, up \$108 million over last year. March brought a better-than-seasonal increase of \$2.5 billion in contracts for new buildings, with highway construction up approximately 35% and total private building increasing by 8%. Reading the figures, construction men revised their earlier forecasts and started thinking of 1954 in terms of a record \$36.1 billion year, \$1,300,000 better than 1953's all-time high.

Cheering reports also came in from some other important sectors of the economy. Appliance sales were climbing, and the farm-machinery industry, feeling optimistic about the spring planting season, rehired nearly 10,000 laid-off workers and boosted production. Along Wall Street, the bull market soared higher (see below). The Dow-Jones industrial average jumped to 309.39, the highest point since Oct. 22, 1929.

The big trouble spot was retail sales. After holding fairly steady during January, sales began to slip. The March totals dropped 2% below February and 5% below March 1953. Mail-order houses announced gloomy figures. Sears, Roebuck sales were down 12.2% from last year and Montgomery Ward was off 22.8% for the month and 19.4% for both February and March. Retailers explained that mail-order catalogue prices were rigid compared to department stores, said people were beginning to shop around for bargains. Other merchants blamed poor weather

and a late Easter week for delaying the usual spring upsurge. They waited anxiously for Easter to come and go, and thought that the first few weeks afterwards would tell the story.

Tent Show

For its first annual meeting on the West Coast, Westinghouse Electric Corp. rented a circus tent, set it up at the company's Sunnyvale, Calif. plant to accommodate some 1,000 stockholders from 15 states. Westinghouse President Gwilym A. Price reported that sales for this year were up 11% and earnings up "substantially." If business continues to be good, said Price, the directors will consider a special dividend before the year's end.

CORPORATIONS

Climax Moves Up

On Wall Street last week, a new set of market leaders took over. They were the stocks of companies with big uranium holdings. In the rush, one of the fastest gainers was Climax Molybdenum Co., which has mines spread over three western states. Climax went up four points and finished out the week at a new high of 45½.

With a string of uranium mines and one mill already operating at capacity in Colorado's plateau country, Climax announced that it was moving its uranium subsidiary headquarters from New York to Grand Junction, Colo., to be closer to actual operations, making it easier to expand into uranium. Though the company netted only \$428,248 (4.4% of total profits) from uranium in fiscal 1953, it is prospecting for more lodes, will build new ore-processing plants wherever needed. Said Climax President Arthur H. Bunker:



ARTHUR BUNKER
Molly be praised!

"Our plan is to be very active in uranium. The acquisition of property is continual."

Risky Business. But Bunker, who knows that uranium is often a risky business, is not betting all his money on it. His company has set up a separate department of industrial development to invest in a whole new series of strategic metals. Climax owns thorium deposits in Colorado, wants to expand into large-scale production of such other vital metals as nickel, cobalt and manganese, all needed for U.S. strategic stockpiles.

Climax also passed on some good news about its overall business to stockholders last week. The company's biggest business is mining molybdenum, the heat-resistant metal (melting point: 4,750° F.) for hardening steel. In 1953, Climax' sales climbed to \$38,907,151, 30% better than 1952, and earnings rose from \$6,071,519 in 1952 to almost \$9,717,000 last year.

Climax' miners, who must tunnel through Colorado's Bartlett Mountain for the ore, call it "molly beddamned," and until World War I no one had much use for the metal. The Germans, then short of tungsten, first used it to harden the barrels of their Big Berthas. It was used on a large scale again in World War II. In peacetime, however, most steelmakers preferred tungsten; molybdenum production usually dropped off to a trickle.

Payoff. With the help of the jet age, hustling President Bunker has managed to turn molly into a bonanza. When Bunker, who is considered one of the top U.S. authorities on raw materials, took over Climax in 1949, the company owned North America's biggest known supply of the metal, in Colorado, but had few buyers. Bunker, 58, went to Washington to argue that the U.S. was in poor shape for



WESTINGHOUSE STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING
Something special ahead?

Associated Press

TIME CLOCK

the heat-resistant alloy it needed for jet engines, persuaded the Government to start buying it.

Korea proved Bunker right. When the U.S. started rearming, demand for moly soared. By 1951, production had doubled to 22 million lbs. a year and Climax was selling all it could mine. To catch up with demand, it has just completed a \$35 million expansion at the moly mine in Colorado that will boost production another 55%, give Climax more than 70% of the world's total output in 1954.

COMMODITIES

April Foolishness

On April 1, federal-support prices on dairy products dropped from 90% of parity to 75%. In the end-of-March rush to take advantage of the higher supports, farmers and food processors unloaded record tonnages of butter, cheese and dried milk on the Agriculture Department. Last week the Department finished adding up the huge purchases for the month: 87 million lbs. of butter, 132 million lbs. of dried milk, 189 million lbs. of cheese. Cost: \$156 million.

Some of the sellers turned right around after April 1 and bought the same commodities back from the Government at lower prices. Cheese companies bought back 62 million lbs. of cheddar at 3¢ a lb. less than the 37¢ and 38¢ a lb. they had sold it for. The cheese was sold and repurchased without ever stirring from cold-storage warehouses.

Buy-back deals were arranged ahead of time, explained Agriculture Secretary Benson, in the hope that cheese processors would wait until April 1 before cutting milk prices paid to farmers. But cheese-men began trimming milk prices well ahead of time, so Benson's kindheartedness did the farmers little good.

RAILROADS

Central's Courtin' Time

Robert R. Young and the New York Central's President William White both went courting last week. Objects of their affections: more than 40,000 small stockholders in the Central, whose votes on May 26 will decide control of the second largest (in total revenues) U.S. railroad system.

In a letter accompanying his proxy request Young said: "Central's stock during the last 25 years has declined marketwise 33 percentage points more than the [Moody] averages . . . This sorry state of New York Central affairs . . . is basically due to the fact that its present board together owned, according to last year's proxy statement, only 13,750 shares of stock, or less than 1%." Said White, in his letter: "What is involved . . . is the attempt of a promoter and pseudo railroad man, Robert R. Young, to seize control of the company . . . As a

PIGGYBACK TRUCK trailers (TIME, Feb. 22) will be put into large-scale operation for the first time on a major Eastern trunk line within the next few months. The New York Central will put on 420 special flatcars designed to carry two highway trailers back-to-back, will spend about \$5,000,000 for terminals in five cities (Chicago, Cleveland, New York, Boston, Detroit) to handle the new service.

LEICA, which has been making the same basic 35-mm. camera since 1924, has just brought out a radical new model to meet increasing competition. Called the "M," the new camera has interchangeable bayonet lenses (instead of the usual screw-mounted type), a detachable automatic light meter, and a combination viewer and range finder that adjusts automatically for all lenses. Retail price: \$348 and up.

NASH's tiny Metropolitan (TIME, March 22), the boldest bid by any big U.S. manufacturer to establish a small-car market, has gone over well. To date, 8,186 Metropolitanans have been sold, and Nash has upped delivery schedules 60%.

GRUWMAN Aircraft has developed a deadlier version of its swept-wing Cougar (F9F-6) jet fighter for the Navy. The new plane has a longer fuselage, wider, relatively thinner wings, which give it higher speed (more than 650 m.p.h.), greater fuel capacity, more maneuverability at high altitudes.

ELECTRONICS boom in New England is doing much to offset the slump in textile business. Hundreds of electronics firms (44 in Lawrence, Mass. alone) have moved into the area in the last few years, taken over idle mills and provided 85,000 new jobs, almost 60% more than were lost through textile layoffs.

BANK OF AMERICA, which owns 30 motion pictures (among them: *Arch of Triumph*, *Body and Soul*), has signed a contract with

railroad executive, Mr. Young has been found to be lavish in his ideas and the expenditure of money . . . The choice which you have to make is between the promoter type of management and the experienced professional type."

To Have & to Vote. The proxy statements showed that the Central management has been loading up on the railroad's stock. The Central's directors now hold not 13,750 but 106,622 shares (out of 6,447,410 outstanding), chiefly because Director Harold S. Vanderbilt has increased his holdings from 10,000 shares to 60,000. The Young slate claimed ownership of 1,089,880 shares, or about 17%. But the big end of the Young group's holdings is the 800,000 shares listed for Texas Oilmen Clint W. Murchison and Sid W. Richardson, which the Central

General Teleradio Inc. to put them on TV. General Teleradio will pay more than \$1,250,000 for the TV showings, will release the first 15 for telecasting within the next few months.

DAVE BECK, boss of the big, sprawling Teamsters' Union, has set his sights on organizing Detroit's auto salesmen. Beck argues that salesmen, now paid according to dealers' profits per car, can make up to four times as much money by fighting for commissions based on the factory-delivered price of each car. Teamsters claim that 1,570 of the city's 3,000 salesmen have already paid their \$10 initiation fees. Dealers hope that the move will collapse, as a similar one did some years ago.

ELECTRIC POWER for industrial use, which hit a record 257 billion kilowatt-hours in 1953, will increase another 55% within the next ten years, predicts Westinghouse Vice President Tomlinson Fort. One of the biggest areas of potential growth: the booming air-conditioning industry.

TITANIUM has finally been marked by the Government for a big new expansion program. The General Services Administration is ready to sign contracts with Du Pont, Dow Chemical and Union Carbide & Carbon for the output of three new plants costing \$80 million. The plants, plus earlier contracts, will boost production from 2,800 to 32,500 tons a year, but this will still be far from enough for aircraft and other uses. Estimated needs by 1960: 150,000 tons a year.

EUROPEAN STEEL production (excluding Russia's) climbed to an alltime high of 75 million tons in 1953, up 1% over 1952.

FRANCE has joined its NATO partners, Belgium, Britain, The Netherlands, Italy and Denmark, in building ships for Russia. Three French shipyards are starting work on six 6,000-ton cargo ships.

still refuses to transfer to the Texans in its record books (TIME, April 12).

Since the Central set April 19 as the last day for such a transfer, the Texans have little time left, though they still hope to vote it through "legal strategy."

So far, both sides have had little success with legal strategy. The Central had asked the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate some of Young's stock deals (his sale to Cyrus Eaton of control of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, and the C. & O.'s sale of its New York Central holdings to Murchison-Richardson). But the ICC last week turned down the request. The Central filed another petition asking whether Young's slate could be lawfully seated if elected, but chances for a favorable ruling on that seemed slim, too. From another quarter, the Central

GUARANTEED WAGES

Labor's 1954 Battle Cry

IN its long fight for more security, organized labor is now poised for an assault on a new objective: the guaranteed annual wage. Though unions have talked about the G.A.W. for years, there was little real enthusiasm for it while jobs were plentiful and overtime commonplace. But now, with unemployment brushing 4,000,000, union leaders in the mass-production industries are ready for the big push.

The push was started by the C.I.O.'s International Union of Electrical Workers, which asked Westinghouse Electric Corp. to guarantee its employees 52 forty-hour weeks a year—or the equivalent in pay. Under the I.U.E. plan, Westinghouse would set aside 5% of its payroll (about 10¢ an hour per employee, or \$12 million annually on the present union-covered payroll) until ten weeks' pay for each worker is accumulated. Laid-off workers would be paid out of the fund only after the plan was in effect for a year. In the event of heavy layoffs, Westinghouse would not be liable for payments exceeding 5% of its payroll.

The C.I.O. Steelworkers, next in line, will ask for a guaranteed annual wage when they open negotiations next month. The C.I.O. Autoworkers last week outlined the 52-week plan that they expect to demand when their contracts with car manufacturers run out next year. Dave Beck's A.F.L. Teamsters' Union, third biggest in the U.S., has already signed 29 guaranteed wage contracts, covering 2,857 workers.

Wage guarantee plans are not new. There are more than 200 in operation, most of them management-sponsored. For example, Procter & Gamble Co. guarantees employees a straight 48 weeks of work a year; Geo. A. Hormel & Co. guarantees 52 weeks a year by charging overtime in rush periods against undertime when business is slow; Nunn-Bush Shoe Co. sets wages at a fixed percentage of sales, thereby has given full employment since 1935. The plans, by themselves, have not stabilized employment. The companies had to stabilize employment first by drastically changing production and selling methods. For example: Procter & Gamble provided warehouses to store its soap and shortening in slack seasons and campaigned to get wholesalers to level out their buying.

These companies have a big advantage over mass-production, hard-goods industries. They make necessities which are easily stored and quickly consumed. Thus, they are not subject to the wild fluctuations of the hard-

goods industries, where purchases of new cars and refrigerators are easily postponed in bad times, and great quantities cannot be stored.

For a guaranteed wage plan to work in the hard-goods industries, production would have to be stabilized and buying habits changed. But how? The steel industry, for example, cannot store products because it makes most of them on order to exact specifications. The auto industry could stabilize some 10% of the steel industry (the amount of steel it buys) if it could find a way to get around the public's habit of buying cars in the spring and making the old one do during slumps. To even out buying, C.I.O. President Walter Reuther once suggested a sliding price scale with lower prices in slack seasons. But there is already such a sliding scale because of bigger trade-in allowances and discounts during the winter. And the industry is still subject to the ups and downs of boom and recession, which could easily exhaust G.A.W. funds.

Actually, the strongest union argument in favor of a guaranteed wage in the big industries is that it would keep up buying power, and thus counteract swings in the business cycle. Few union men argue that G.A.W. would guarantee against a depression. But they do argue that guaranteed wage plans would prop buying power enough to check minor recessions.

Businessmen have some strong arguments against G.A.W. in the hard-goods industries. Workers, already tending to lose mobility because of pensions and other benefits, would be even more reluctant to move about. New industries would be hard pressed to find skilled employees, would be more costly to start if wages had to be guaranteed. And G.A.W. could easily accentuate a business decline by saddling companies with heavy fixed costs that would make it harder to fight dropping sales with price cuts.

Nevertheless, both labor and management agree that the guaranteed annual wage is an ideal worth shooting for. For labor, there would be more security; for businessmen, steadier buying power. Furthermore, at Procter & Gamble and other companies, wage guarantees have cut labor turnover, and thereby lowered other costs. The problems in steel, autos, appliances, etc. are far greater. But the success of plans already instituted by far-seeing businessmen, without the prodding of labor, should be an object lesson for those who will soon be prodded by labor for similar plans.

gained an ally. An Allegheny Corp. stockholder, Mrs. Sadie Zenn, owner of 500 shares, filed a suit against the corporation, objecting to the fact that Allegheny had lent \$7,500,000 to Murchison and Richardson to help them buy their stock. She wanted the deal canceled.

The Central also scored when it released its annual report. Earnings in 1953 were \$34 million, highest in nine years. White said he hoped that higher dividends can be paid "when earnings will . . . permit."

TEXTILES

Apex Hosiery Quits

For 53 years, Apex of the biggest firms in the hosiery business has been Philadelphia's Apex Hosiery Co. In its two plants in Philadelphia and nearby Spring City, Apex employed close to 900 workers, and grew to a net worth of more than \$10 million. But last week Apex suddenly decided to close its doors and sell its plants. Reasons: Southern competition and the A.F.L. Hosiery Workers' refusal to take a pay cut.

For three years, Apex has been losing both money and orders to Southern textile firms with lower wages. To compete, Apex slashed workers' wages an average of 30%. Last Christmas the company asked its workers to take another cut, this time 15% on wages plus 3% on fringe benefits. The 900 workers reluctantly and narrowly voted to accept the cut, but the union's top officials turned it down, fearing that other companies would also ask for pay cuts. The stockholders then voted to discontinue operations, and asked the directors to work out a plan to liquidate.

AUTOS

Studebaker Scores

U.S. car buyers who still shop with an eye on fuel economy last week got an idea which cars can stretch a gallon the farthest. In the Fifth Annual Mobilgas Economy Run, experts drove 20 competing stock models from every major U.S. automaker over 1,335 miles of some of the ruggedest roads in the U.S., and made every drop of gas count.

At an average speed of 41.1 m.p.h., the cars rolled from Los Angeles to Fresno, through the Sierras to Yosemite National Park and San Francisco, up across snow-bound mountains to Elko, Nev., and three days later into Sun Valley, Idaho. Most drivers had the road plotted with military precision, knew just how fast to take each hill, just how to time themselves to miss gas-gobbling traffic lights. (One driver hit only five red lights on the entire run.) Every car finished, and the only unplanned halt was in a downing blizzard at California's 7,135-ft. Donner Pass.

The big winner: Studebaker, which drove off with three of the eight firsts. In the low-price field (\$1,500 to \$2,050 f.o.b. factory), a six-cylinder Studebaker Champion beat out two Fords (the low-price winner for four years), a Plymouth



"SPILLS WON'T HURT NOW, SPORT!"

"MOM'S pillow sure helps! Comes in handy when I'm learnin' to skate!"

This young fellow has something to fall back on in case of an upset. He knows all accidents can't be avoided.

In business, the "cushion" against accidents is workmen's compensation insurance—placed with a reliable organization that assures quick, sympathetic service.

Hardware Mutuals rank among the leaders in promptness of paying workmen's compensation

claims. Promptness helps speed recovery by relieving financial worry. More important, our loss prevention specialists help eliminate hazards *before* they cause accidents.

Hardware Mutuals have returned more than \$120,000,000 in dividend savings to policyholders. Many other benefits are offered through our *policy back of the policy*®. For more information, simply call Western Union, ask for Operator 25, and request the name and address of your nearest Hardware Mutuals representative.



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TIME, APRIL 19, 1954

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● Priced about 25% under any other gas trucks in its capacity, the Yardloader now brings cost-saving fork truck operation within the reach of practically every company with yard-handling problems. Travel speed approaching 14 miles per hour, large pneumatic tires, exceptionally high ground clearance and oscillating trail axle make it the ideal truck for outdoor service over large unimproved or semi-improved areas.

Heavy-duty industrial engine of proven make, 4-speed transmission and extra-heavy drive axle assure ample power for top performance under any conditions. Hydraulic lift to 122 inches, automotive-type steer, convenient controls and excellent driver visibility are a few of the features contributing to safety and ease of operation.

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coupon today.

and a Chevrolet, clicked off the run at an average 29.58 miles per gallon. Studebaker's bigger V-8 Land Cruiser won the upper-medium-price (\$2,401 to \$3,000) field for automatic transmission cars with 24.57 m.p.g., and the same car with standard transmission and overdrive won the sweepstakes grand prize by lightfooting it over the course at 28.1 m.p.g. for the best ton-mile record of all.

Other winners: Hudson Jet (21.63 m.p.g.) in the low-priced field with automatic drive; Dodge Royal V-8 (25.39 m.p.g.) in the low-medium field with standard transmission; Oldsmobile 88 (19.75 m.p.g.) in the low-medium field with automatic drive; Lincoln Capri (19.75 m.p.g.) in the high-priced field.

FOREIGN TRADE

Exploiters & Victims

At a United Nations Economic and Social Council meeting in Manhattan last week, Soviet Representative Semyon K. Tsarapkin recited an old Communist charge: private U.S. investment abroad brings huge profits to the capitalist "exploiters" and retards the economic development of the foreign victims. Next day U.S. Representative Preston Hotchkis, a California insurance executive, answered Tsarapkin with a few facts and figures.

Tsarapkin had cited Latin America as a horrible example of how U.S. capitalists keep foreign nations from industrializing and force them to concentrate on production of raw materials for U.S. industry. Hotchkis answered that of the \$441 million invested by U.S. citizens in Latin America in 1951, half went into manufacturing industries. He reeled off a list of U.S. industrial investments in Latin America, from tires and chemicals in Brazil to glass and textiles in Chile. The U.S. Export-Import Bank, he added, has made loans to Brazilians and Chileans for steel and textile mills, to Mexicans for steel mills and chemical plants. U.S. experts have shown Cubans how to grow and process kenaf fiber, starting a whole new textile industry on the island.

In a bit of statistical sleight of hand, Tsarapkin implied that profits on U.S. private investment overseas average 8%, or \$1.5 billion a year on a yearly investment of \$1.75 billion. Hotchkis pointed out that profits are returned not on the current year's investment alone, but on the total investment, i.e., \$1.5 billion on \$16 billion, or less than 10%. On gross profits, said Hotchkis, the investors pay foreign taxes of more than 30%. Of the net profits, they plow back well over half—62% in 1952—into reinvestment in the countries where the profits were earned. For example, said Hotchkis, Sears Roebuck & Co. "has invested over \$28 million in five countries in Latin America [since opening its first Latin American store in Havana in 1941]. With the exception of one small dividend from a Cuban subsidiary, every cent of profits earned between 1941 and 1952 was reinvested in the countries in which they were earned to finance new stores and new products."

For the Record

From an Article by
Frederick C. Miller

President

Miller Brewing Company
Milwaukee

Sports are second only to religion as an integral part of our American way of life.

Our love of sports—and good clean sportsmanship—is vital in our effort to keep Communism from our doors and to influence good neighborliness throughout the world.

Because of our personal love of sports and what we feel they stand for, the Miller Brewing Co. makes sports an integral part of its promotional effort throughout our home city, Milwaukee, our home state, Wisconsin, and our great country, the United States.

We are proud and happy to encourage many grand American sports, especially baseball, football, trap and skeet shoots, and skiing. We have many times backed basketball, bowling, golf, tennis, soccer, archery, ice skating, and hockey.

Our professional football radio broadcasts and telecasts have been enjoyed by millions throughout the nation and in August we will broadcast and telecast nationally the famed All-Star football game from Soldier Field in Chicago.

In our "back yard", we broadcast over many Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Michigan radio stations the games played by the Milwaukee Braves.

We feel our tie with sports is a great privilege. We pledge always to keep this tie on the highest level for the good of sports and our nation.

.....

NOTE: Fred Miller, author of the above article, is a former All-American tackle at Notre Dame. He has been featured in many national magazines for his promotion of athletics.



Frederick C. Miller, President, Miller Brewing Company

In its drive to attain greater efficiency, the Miller Brewing Company has installed a Bruning Copyflex system for handling its records. Copyflex systems are the new, modern method of speeding paper work in plant and office.

In recent years thousands of industrial and business concerns all over the country have found that efficiency in production and merchandising cannot be obtained without corresponding efficiency in the handling of paper work.

In any business or plant operation where multiple copies of a record are required, Bruning Copyflex will save man-hours and eliminate errors. It applies to office procedures and plant management the accepted principle of replacing expensive—and possibly inefficient—hand labor with a machine.



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Yes, the point of an Eagle No. 745 Carmine Red VERITHIN pencil will actually write 1000 words of average length before it must be resharpened. Prove it yourself! Write for sample and make the "Before and After" test.

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And all of its 36 brilliant colors are made from insoluble pigments whose markings won't stain moist hands or smear your records.

Your stationer recommends VERITHIN and will be glad to have your trial order.



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PERSONNEL Changes of the Week

¶ Charles G. Mortimer, 53, moved up from executive vice president to president of General Foods Corp., largest U.S. maker of packaged foods (Birds Eye, Maxwell House, Jell-O, Swans Down, Baker's Chocolate, Gaines Dog Food, etc.). He succeeds Austin S. Igleheart, who became board chairman. A onetime adman, Mortimer discovered one day that Postum Co. (predecessor of General Foods) had just bought Sanka and, "with only a phone call," had canceled his profitable Sanka account, handed it over to a rival agency. Later the company saw the mistake and in 1928 hired him as Sanka's advertising manager. Brooklyn-born Mortimer has a hobby that fits right in with the food business. He runs a 400-acre dairy farm in Sussex County, N.J.

¶ Harmon S. Eberhard, 54, a brawny, balding engineer, was elected president of the Caterpillar Tractor Co. Eberhard joined Holt Manufacturing Co. (later merged into Caterpillar) at 16 as a draftsman, helped develop the Army's self-propelled guns, became Caterpillar's chief engineer. He takes over from Louis B. Neumiller, who was named board chairman upon the retirement of Harry H. Fair, prime mover in Caterpillar's formation.

¶ Kenneth E. Black, 49, became president of Home Insurance Co., the nation's largest fire-insurance company. Black, a vice president since 1950, succeeds Harold V. Smith, new chairman of the board.

¶ Jowly Harry Ford Sinclair, 77, announced that he will step out as a director of Sinclair Oil Corp. on May 19, and sever all connections with his billion-dollar oil empire. A pharmacist by training, Sinclair was lured from his father's Independence, Kans. drugstore into wildcatting by the oil derricks outside town, and made his first \$1,000,000 within eight years. During the Teapot Dome scandal of the '20s, Sinclair was acquitted of conspiring with Interior Secretary Albert Fall to defraud the Government, later served 6½ months in jail for hiring private detectives to shadow his jurors and for refusing to answer questions before a Senate committee. In his career, high-living Harry Sinclair was the first man to wear silk underwear on the Cherokee strip, donated brass bands to a dozen Midwest towns, and (to find out which had more money) challenged Colonel Jacob Ruppert to a contest at throwing dollars into the Atlantic Ocean.

TRANSPORTATION

The Hound Steps Out

As boss of the Greyhound Corp., Orville Swan Caesar, 61, heads the biggest transportation system in the world (10.6 billion passenger-miles traveled last year). But he is still not satisfied. Last week he announced "the start of a new era," ushered in by a new bus. Next month the first of 500 Scenicruisers, costing \$25 million, will start rolling off the line at Gen-



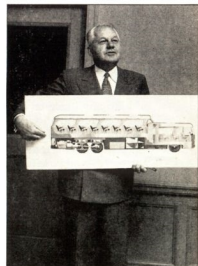
Wide World

ORLMAN SINCLAIR

On the Cherokee strip, silk underwear, eral Motors Corp. and go into service between New York and Miami.

On the drawing boards since early in World War II, the \$50,000 Scenicruiser incorporates some features first introduced last year in Greyhound's Highway Traveler (6-ft., non-glare picture windows, a compressed-air suspension system for easy riding), adds some brand-new ones of its own. The 40-ft. long, split-level bus carries 43 passengers, has a washroom, a new air-conditioning and heating system and twin diesel engines.

With his new buses, Caesar plans to push Greyhound's fast-growing special services such as charter buses, package express shipments and all-expense tours around the U.S. A fortnight ago, he started his first sleeping service between San Francisco and Chicago, which includes



Arthur Siegel

BUSMAN CAESAR & SCENICRUISER
On the highways, a new era.

four overnight hotel stops in the fare. Price: \$69.40 with a single room, \$62.90 in a double room.

The spending for the new buses is on top of an \$82 million postwar modernization and expansion program, including \$34 million for buying new companies and lines and \$48 million for new terminals. The prize is the \$10 million bus terminal in Chicago, hub of Greyhound's 96,010-mile web of lines. The results of Greyhound's expansion program showed up in last year's record sales of \$245 million, up 7%, and a gain in net income from \$13.6 million in 1952 to \$13.8 million.

Jitney Beginning. Orville Caesar, a mechanic turned executive, still likes to tinker with machinery in his home workshop in Barrington, Ill. He invented the Tropic-Aire hot-water heater to replace the dangerous and smelly exhaust-pipe system for heating buses, saw it become the standard for passenger cars. The son of a Swedish blacksmith, Caesar went to work in an auto-repair shop in his teens, later started a small bus service. In 1925 he joined forces with the late Eric Wickman, who had been building up a bus system in Minnesota since 1914, when he started with a single jitney bus.

Caesar and Wickman began gobbling up or buying into bus lines all over the country with cash from stock sales and from railroads farsighted enough to see that bus routes could take over unprofitable train runs and serve as feeder lines.

75% of the Goal. With a Greyhound System spread over the U.S., Caesar began to buy out the partially owned lines and his railroad partners. He is now ready to spend \$25.8 million on such deals (in addition to the \$82 million already spent postwar) when ICC approves.

This would give him the 1,130-mile Blue Ridge System, the 997-mile Tennessee Coach Co., and buy out two of his last four big railroad partners, the Pennsylvania and the Southern Pacific, who now have big holdings in Pennsylvania Greyhound and Pacific Greyhound. Greyhound would then be getting three-fourths of its revenues from bus lines that it wholly owns. But for Caesar, 75% is just a way stop. His goal is to make Greyhound sole owner of all its lines, a transport system covering all 48 states.

INVESTMENT

Market for Mortgages

Mortgages have always been hard to turn into cash. A mortgage holder who wants to sell has to shop around among banks and real-estate brokers, often gets a poor price because of the suspicion that he badly needs cash. Harry Fromkes, president since 1949 of Manhattan's big Lawyers Mortgage & Title Co., thought there ought to be a better way. In 1952 he opened a mortgage exchange where buyers and sellers could be brought together for private negotiations, but it soon died out. Last week he tried something new: a mortgage auction.

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the auctioneer's gavel at the newly formed New York Mortgage Exchange. Fromkes had expected sales of second mortgages to predominate, but almost two-thirds of the sales were first mortgages. More than 1,400 buyers and spectators jammed the room, and all told, mortgages with a face value of \$664,200 were sold for \$821,045. Banks that felt overloaded with mortgages and private holders who wanted to thaw out assets were glad to sell at discounts (but did better than by private sale). The auction went so well that Lawyers Mortgage plans a second sale early next month, may hold as many as two sales a month thereafter. As commission, the company takes 1% to 2% of the selling price, depending on the size of mortgage.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Built-In Cop. An adjustable governor to limit car speeds is being turned out by the Automotive Safety Speed Control Corp. of Leominster, Mass. A cautious father, for example, can set and lock a dial on the dashboard at 40 miles an hour. If Junior tries to go faster, the ignition cuts out until he slows down. Pickup and climbing power are not affected until the dial limit is reached. Price: \$20 installed.

Glass Screens. A Fiberglas yarn for window screens has been put on sale by Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp. Highly resistant to corrosion and weathering, the material has the further advantage over metal that it can be dyed in permanent colors. Price of standard mesh screening: about 16¢ a sq. ft., approximately the same as bronze or aluminum screening.

Hairdo Preview. Try-on wigs that enable beauty-parlor customers to see in advance what they would look like with a new hair style or color have been put out by Manhattan's Joseph Fleischer & Co. Made of lacquered nylon, the wigs come in 144 varieties (twelve styles, twelve colors), are much cheaper than those made of real hair. Price: \$165 a dozen.

Time for a Change. A timer, attached to an engine's electric system, that keeps track of the engine's running hours and ejects a printed reminder when it is time for an oil check or other maintenance chore was brought out by Carter & Galatin, Inc. Somewhat smaller than a brick, the "Servicator" is intended primarily for automobiles and trucks, but can be used on any engine. Price: \$13.95.

Two-Story Bathing. Construction of what is billed as the world's first two-story swimming pool was begun at Atlantic City's Traymore Hotel. A one-story building near the hotel will house an indoor salt-water pool, and have an outdoor salt-water pool on the roof. Cost: \$350,000.

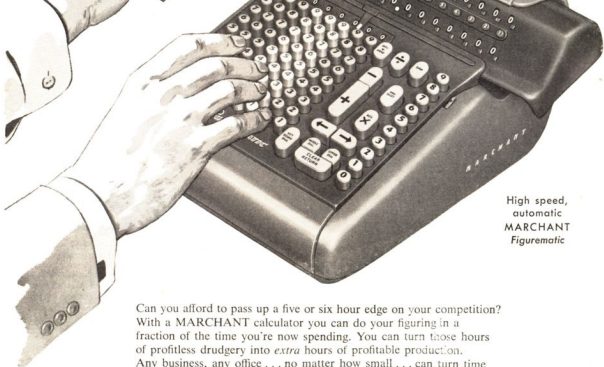
Better Mousetrap. A disposable, plastic, cylindrical trap that relieves the housewife of having to touch a dead mouse was brought out by Shaw-Randall Co., Inc. of Pawtucket, R.I. (The mouse, attracted by odor of grain, walks into "Sanitrap," eats poison pill, is paralyzed and killed. Tube, mouse and all are then thrown away.) Price: 25¢.



9 A.M.

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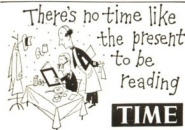
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CINEMA

Snap Dragon

Once there was a young man who went to knight school. His name was Gawaine le Coeur-Hardy, but he was not very brave or even very bright. When the other students went to jousting class, Gawaine would hide in the woods. At last the headmaster gave up and told him to take the snap course in dragon-slaying. Gawaine was delighted, and spent the rest of his school days hacking at the model dragon on the south meadow. On commencement day, the headmaster gave Gawaine a magic word ("Rumplesnitz") and sent him forth to slay real live dragons. The very next day, Gawaine said the good word to a lavender dragon, and with a biff of his battle-axe, cut off the creature's head.

After that there was no stopping Gawaine. He slew dragons all over the place, as many as three a day, until he had slain 49. Alas, success went to his head. He took to drink, and whenever he went out he wore eight pounds of medals. And so it happened that Gawaine met up with his 50th dragon . . .

The 51st Dragon, taken from the text by the late Heywood Broun, is the second cartoon in U.P.A.'s (United Productions of America) series of comic legends for moderns. Like the first, an animation of James Thurber's *Unicorn in the Garden* (TIME, Oct. 26), it is a nasal little ballad that ends with a sly intellectual hiccup. The admirers of Donald Duck and Woody Woodpecker and Porky Pig are not likely to be broken up with hilarity. Still, it is refreshing to laugh at an idea instead of an oink, and the kidding of medieval styles in art is cleverly done. And yet the danger does begin to appear, in a kind of sterile facility in many of the drawings, that U.P.A. could easily be caught in its cleverness, as Disney and his imitators were in their treacle.

The New Pictures

Carnival Story (King Brothers; RKO Radio) is a complicated, full-color variation on the terse theme stated in an old ditty:

*Like a dollar goes from hand to hand,
A woman goes from man to man,
(She keeps travelin') . . .*

Joe Mallon (Steve Cochran), a pitchman for a U.S. carnival touring West Germany, catches a fraülein named Willie (Anne Baxter) picking his pocket and hustles her off the midway. He kisses her. "I've been kissed before," Willie moans with pleasure when he lets her go, "but never—uhhhhh!" Willie "tries to resist"—being, as the synopsis explains, "an attractive and intelligent girl who is simply down on her luck in the ruins of post-war Germany." But Joe "arouses her beyond her powers of resistance . . . and like so many others before her," she is carried off to the conqueror's chariot in the darkened merry-go-round.

During the rest of the picture, Willie and Joe rack up enough mileage in that chariot to make *Carnival Story* a sort of Indianapolis classic of its kind. At first, Willie gets a job in the cook tent, but then the high-diver (Lyle Bettger) gives her a spot in his act. One day he asks her to marry him. Joe does not mind: all he wants is his free ticket on the merry-go-round. Disgusted, Willie weds the high-diver, but Joe soon has her right back where he wants her. Before it all ends, Willie is left in the arms of a LIFE photographer (George Nader)—a nice, steady young fellow of the vine-covered-cottage type, according to the script.

Carnival Story is pretty sure to be accused of being a dirty tease, but for that reason alone, will probably clean up

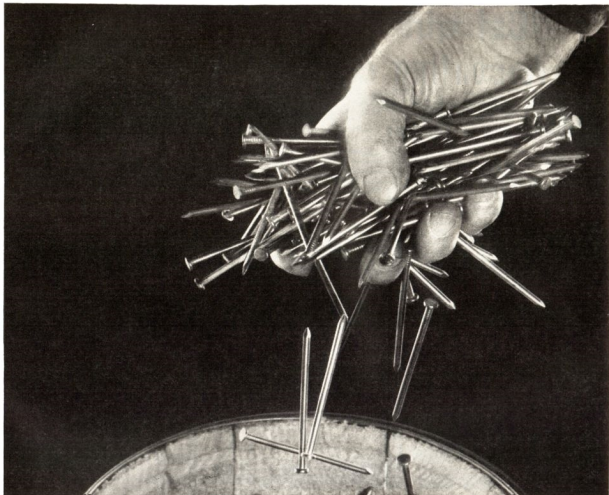


ANNE BAXTER & STEVE COCHRAN
She keeps travelin'.

at the box office. Cochran is convincing as a tough lover boy, and Lyle Bettger is clear, persuasive and simple as the husband. Anne Baxter, as she writhes, spits and yowls, gives a horribly fascinating portrayal which should assure her succession to the Bette Davis roles.

Elephant Walk (Paramount), though hardly a work of art, is an astonishingly neat feat of manufacture. It was begun in Ceylon during February of last year, and the film unit was flown back to Hollywood to do some final "spotting." In mid-March, before work could be finished, Star Vivien Leigh had a serious nervous breakdown and could not complete the picture.

It looked as if *Elephant*, which had already cost Paramount more than \$1,000,000, had turned out to be a gigantic white elephant. If Actress Leigh's scenes were dropped, what was left? Just barely enough, Producer Irving Asher decided, to provide background for a second shooting of the film on a Hollywood sound



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Bankers step in when needed

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last year's profits back into this year's production. But big or small, most manufacturers find it's often convenient or more practical to supplement working capital for the financing of seasonal needs. At such times they turn to banks.

Banks in action

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How come?

What banks do for the hardware in-

dustry is somewhat similar to what bees do for sweet clover. They bring on the necessary ingredients for growth because it's their job in the scheme of things. Banks exist to put money to work. It's as simple as that. This money . . . by and large the money you invest and deposit . . . also puts men and women to work. The fruits of its labor are a higher standard of living and a wider opportunity to share in the greatest abundance of goods and services the world has ever known.

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stage. Elizabeth Taylor was borrowed from M-G-M to take Vivien's place, and *Elephant Walk*, new version, was in the cans by mid-May. Total cost: close to \$3,000,000.

High marks for cinema technique go to Producer Asher, Director William (*Portrait of Jennie*) Dieterle, and especially to all concerned in the art direction, film editing, special effects and process photography. Their craftsmanship has almost succeeded in blending a Technicolor crazy quilt of Hollywood foregrounds and Ceylonese backgrounds into a single mood.

Where the seams show, however, the quilt is crazy indeed. When Elizabeth Taylor and Dana Andrews take a canter, for example, the background rushes by as if they were flat-racing. And at several points there are sharp cuts in the film, one of them so drastic that the audience al-



DANA ANDREWS & ELIZABETH TAYLOR
The elephant almost turned white.

most loses track of the story. This is the more important because the story, based on a novel by Robert Standish, is more complex and subtle than most of those told on the screen.

An enormously rich young planter (Peter Finch) takes his bride, a middle-class English girl (Elizabeth Taylor), back home to his tea plantation in Ceylon. Their house is an Oriental palace with all the Occidental conveniences, but the bride does not like the life in it. Her husband and his assistants work hard all week, and on weekends have wild parties and play polo on bicycles in the main hall. All that is, except one (Dana Andrews), the second in command, who prefers to play sonatas.

More and more estranged from her husband, the young woman is more and more drawn to his assistant. The logical conclusion, however, is forestalled by a plague of cholera, during which the husband comes to understand himself and

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the wife to forgive him. In the end, the house and what it stands for—the embodied tyranny of the husband's father—are destroyed by a herd of elephants, whose way to water it has long debarred.

The relations between the main characters are finely graded, and call on the best powers of the actors to express. Dana Andrews responds with his strongest performance in several years. Peter Finch not only fits without a wrinkle into the planter's character but moves through the outlandish manse with such negligent assurance that the audience is convinced that he grew up in it. Elizabeth Taylor, though very beautiful, is too young and inexperienced an actress to fill a role designed for Vivien Leigh.

Also Showing

Beachhead (Aubrey Schenck; United Artists) is one of those Hollywood adventures apparently based on the payroll schedule. Extras die like flies; bit players are allowed to put up a fight; second leads are wounded and nobly keep telling the others to go forward and leave them to perish miserably. But the hero and heroine come through it all with little more than a touch of sweat and a careful smudge on the off-profile.

But routine as it is, *Beachhead* is fairly exciting stuff. Tony Curtis and Frank Lovejoy are sent ashore on a Japanese-held island to risk their leathernecks in a pre-invasion reconnaissance. Then soldiering gives way to smooching when Tony finds Mary Murphy, the daughter of a French planter, in her jungle hideaway. The enemy, however, keeps the lovebirds, as well as the action, on the wing through the full-colored, gorgeous jungle on Kauai in the Hawaiian Islands, where *Beachhead* was filmed.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Night People. Capitalist meets commissar in Berlin, and Writer-Producer-Director Nunnally Johnson bangs their heads together; with Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford (TIME, March 22).

Beat the Devil. John Huston and Truman Capote tell a completely wacky shaggy-dog story; with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre (TIME, March 8).

The Pickwick Papers. The first full-length film of Charles Dickens' monumental jape; with James Hayter, Donald Wolfelt, Joyce Grenfell (TIME, March 1).

The Final Test. A British joke about cricket, well told; with Robert Morley (TIME, Feb. 22).

Rob Roy. Walt Disney's highland fling through an old Scots story; with Richard Todd, Glynis Johns (TIME, Feb. 8).

The Golden Coach. Jean Renoir's costume comedy of Spain's golden age, as rich in color as his father's paintings; with Anna Magnani at her best (TIME, Feb. 1).

It Should Happen to You. Judy Holliday in a sharp little Garson Kanin comedy about a girl on the make (TIME, Jan. 25).



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BOOKS

Adam in the Orchid House

THE GARDEN TO THE SEA (219 pp.)—Philip Toynbee—Doubleday (\$3).

Philip Toynbee is a youngish (37) British novelist² who believes that it takes many selves to make one man—a weaker self, a better self, a poetic self, and so on. There is nothing new about this point of view (the late Hilaire Belloc put it to use admirably in *The Four Men*), but there is ample novelty in Novelist Toynbee's strictly literal approach. His new book (his fifth) tells one man's love story from the four standpoints of his four personalities.

Hero Adam lives in a modern Garden of Eden with his wife Daisy. His innocent self, named Noel, is blissfully happy pottering in the garden, praising his Maker and exulting in the tall hedges that keep him and Daisy snug and private. Unfortunately, Adam also has a roving self named Tom—a fellow who finds life with Daisy as dull as being with Nanny in the nursery. So when the guns of World War II begin to bang, Tom takes over from Noel and hustles Adam into the R.A.F. Once the war is over, Adam believes, he will become Noel again and live happily ever after with his Daisy.

But life in the R.A.F. soon shows Airman Adam that he has yet another self—a roistering, bawdy fellow named Charley, who gets a kick out of downing Messerschmitts and despises Adam's scrupulous self-analysis. Meanwhile, Daisy decides that any Tom who leaves her behind is going to pay for it as Noel. So when Adam comes back to the garden at war's end, all

² And son of Historian Arnold (*A Study of History*) Toynbee.



NOVELIST TOYNEE
A snake picks Daisy.

Brian Seale



KESSELRING & ROMMEL IN NORTH AFRICA
A commander in chief blames bad advice.

International

set to shed Tom and Charley (and take up again as Noel), he finds that a snake named Willy has crept through the hedge and picked Daisy. Adam is so stunned by the shock that he "dies." Tom runs off with Charley, and between them they keep poor Adam stinking drunk for weeks.

For a while it looks as if Charley is going to come out on top and devour Adam's better selves. But after a long mental struggle, Adam succeeds in besting Charley and making himself into a single, united individual who accepts, but controls, all his conflicting selves. This, Novelist Toynbee implies, is what is meant by the word maturity.

The final test of an experimental novel is: Did it have to be done in this unusual way, or could it have been done as well, or better, in a more ordinary manner? In essence, *The Garden to the Sea* is just another novel about young love—a hardy old perennial that thrives on simple, straightforward treatment. Author Toynbee should have discussed its culture with Noel before he let Willy sneak it into the orchid house.

"Smiling Al"

KESSELRING—A SOLDIER'S RECORD (381 pp.)—Albert Kesselring—Morrow (\$5).

To judge by their memoirs, German generals led sheltered lives. Most of them agree that under twelve years of Hitler rule they saw no evil, spoke none and did none. The latest to proclaim his innocence is 69-year-old Field Marshal Albert Kesselring. Loyal enough by his own admission to "enjoy Hitler's unreserved confidence," Kesselring also proved affable and adjustable enough after the war to assist U.S. Army historians and retain his wartime nickname of "Smiling Al."

A *Luftwaffe* general, Smiling Al Kesselring lacked the dash of a Rommel, the

Prussian rigor of Von Rundstedt, or the inventive flair of a Guderian; yet he fashioned a career almost as brilliant as theirs. At war's start he commanded a single air fleet in Poland, later bossed all German air forces in North Africa, took charge of the Mediterranean theater in the slow German retreat up the boot of Italy, and ended the war as commander in chief in the West. As told in Kesselring's foot-slogging style, much of this story borders on a map-room briefing, but through it shines the quiet pride of a good soldier who believes that a soldier's chief duty is to obey orders.

Göring's "Clean Hands." "Above politics" himself, Kesselring felt only one slight qualm about the Nazis in the years before World War II. That was in 1938, when the army's Chief of Staff Werner von Fritsch was railroaded out of his post on trumped-up charges of sexual perversion. Kesselring's conscience was easily saved, however, when his personal boss, Göring, told him with "satisfaction in his eyes . . . how he had succeeded in unmasking the informer." Concludes Kesselring: "I had not the slightest doubt that Göring's hands were clean. I presumed the same of mine."

Only one man has unclean hands in Kesselring's book: Ribbentrop. Who was responsible for the war? "I must lay the blame on one man: Von Ribbentrop, who gave Hitler irresponsible advice." What's more, says Kesselring, Hermann Göring agreed. On the day Hitler announced Sept. 1, 1939 as X-day, Göring rang up Foreign Minister Von Ribbentrop and bawled into the phone: "Now you've got your — war. It's all your doing!"

"A Germanic People." The Battle of Britain brings Kesselring to some of his most controversial thinking about the war itself. He contends 1) that the *Luftwaffe* was not defeated in the air over Britain,



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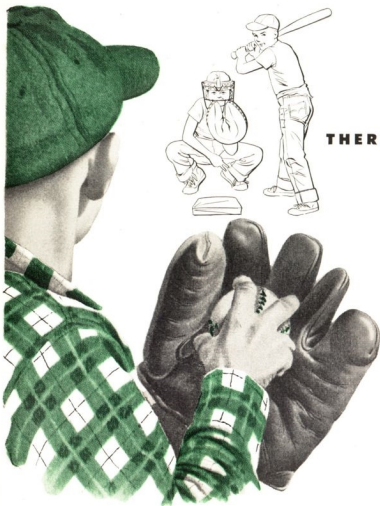
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2) that Operation "Sea-Lion," the invasion of Britain, was thought about but never seriously planned. If the *Luftwaffe* had been decisively bested in September 1940, argues Kesselring, it could not have continued hitting British industrial targets for the rest of that year and the spring of 1941. German planes were squandered, he admits, when they might better have been saved for a combined assault by sea, air and land; this, according to Kesselring, would have had a fine chance of victory. Why the invasion was not launched still puzzles the field marshal, but he chalks it up to Hitler's grudging fondness for the English and his hopes for a negotiated peace. Once, when the two men were discussing England's plucky defense, Hitler reminded Kesselring: "Of course, they are a Germanic people too."

After working for over three years in active harness with the Italians, Kesselring is bitter about his old Axis partners. The Italians showed "poor fighting quality." They did not take the war "with the seriousness demanded." They hoarded "vast stores of unused war material." Allied assaults on Italian divisions "invariably resulted in loss of the position." Reflecting on the overthrow of Mussolini, Kesselring writes: "It was only to be expected that as the war went on the Italians would try to make things easier for themselves by ratting to the other side." Italian "treachery" notwithstanding, he claims and probably deserves credit for sparing such culturally rich towns as Orvieto, Perugia, Urbino, Siena, Padua, Ravenna and Venice from military destruction. He admits "the destruction of the wonderful [Florentine] bridges across the Arno." As for the famed monastery of Monte Cassino, Kesselring stoutly denies that the German armies ever put it to military use.

Hanging On. On March 8, 1945, Hitler summoned Kesselring and told him he was Von Rundstedt's successor as commander in chief in the West. It is a sign of Hitler's mesmeric hold on his field marshal that with the German front crumbling everywhere, Kesselring can still describe as "lucid" Hitler's analysis of the situation, the gist of which was that the Russians could be crushed, after which the combined German armies would sweep the Americans, British and French from the Continent. Kesselring was determined to "hang on" in the West until the "decision in the East" came. Kesselring was still hanging on at V-E day.

Tried as a war criminal, Kesselring was sentenced to be shot on the ground that he was responsible for the reprisal massacre of 335 Italians in the Ardeatine Caves and more than 1,000 other Italians elsewhere. He makes a three-point defense: 1) reprisal action was in the hands of the SS; 2) partisan warfare falls outside the rules of The Hague Convention; 3) Hitler had ordered an arbitrary 10-to-1 reprisal ratio. The defense is less than convincing. In his 1947 trial, Kesselring swore under oath: "If there is any guilt, it is mine and mine alone." In July 1947 Kesselring's sentence was commuted to life



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imprisonment. He won his release in 1952 on the ground of ill health.

"More Than I Can Take." Since then he has been an energetic spokesman for what he regards as the unjustly smirched reputation of the German soldier. He is president of the *Stahlhelm*, one of Germany's largest veterans' groups. Last November he testified at a war crimes trial and warned that "there won't be any volunteers for the new German army if the German government continues to try German soldiers for acts committed in World War II." An enthusiast for EDC, he insists that the "war opponents of yesterday must become the peace comrades and friends of tomorrow." Formerly an unwavering Nazi in spirit, Kesselring is certainly no democrat today. He finds people "astonishing" who believe "that we must revise our ideas in accordance with democratic principles . . . That is more than I can take."

You Can't Go Home Again

A PRIDE OF LIONS (308 pp.)—John Brooks—Harper (\$3.50).

At 30, with a good job in a Manhattan publisher's office and the love of a fine girl, Tom Osborne learned a truth that has plagued many a small-town: a young fellow may walk out on home, family and background, but that does not necessarily get them out of his system.

Tom returns to his home town for a week or so to help the old folks get the house repaired. Novelist Brooks uses this slender and unpromising pretext to merge past and present in a way that would make that old master of the flashback, John Marquand, nod with approval. Tom's ancestors had helped to found the town of East Bank, had fought against the British to hold it. Now, shorn of both money and influence, the family has one great fear: change. They don't like to see people with foreign names getting rich and powerful. They are clannish to the point of absurdity, persist in thinking that they are the upper crust of East Bank long after most East Bankers have begun to laugh behind their stiff, straight backs.

Still, it is the old folks in *A Pride of Lions* who engage the reader's sympathy. It is one of the merits of Novelist Brooks that he can disengage the social absurdities and crotchettiness of the passing generation from the admirable character that lies underneath. In fact, young Tom Osborne, nice, sensible fellow that he is, looks and sounds downright uninteresting when he is set beside his retired-lawyer father and his crusty contemporaries back home.

By the time Tom's memories have been fully exposed, everything from his childhood recollection of horses' hooves on cobble streets to his father's class reunion at Princeton has been examined for possible significance. When Tom returns to New York for good, he no longer disdains his roots—but he is no longer enmeshed by them, either.

The story is handled with fine ease, and the characters talk with a naturalness that



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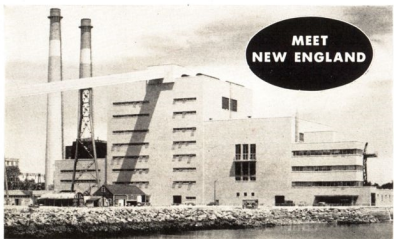


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is not at all common in current fiction. What *A Pride of Lions* sadly lacks is suspense. Exactly what Marquand uses to give urgency to situations no more exciting than the one Brooks starts with. Whether or not the elder Osborne succeeds in keeping a big oil company from industrializing sleepy old East Bank never gets to be of any real interest. And Tom's



NOVELIST BROOKS
Into the Marquand shoes?

love affair with a girl who at first doesn't understand East Bankers is pallid to the point of boredom.

The clash of generations is always a surefire theme in the hands of the right novelist. Brooks has handled it well, written cleanly and knowingly. If to his thoughtfulness and intelligence he can add artfulness and energy, he can reasonably aspire to fill the shoes of Marquand himself some day.

"All Mp-Mp"

INKY DARKLING (298 pp.)—Louis Grudin—Dial (\$3.50).

The experimental writers of the early 20th century were men and women with a high sense of mission. Marcel Proust, Franz Kafka, James Joyce, Ernest Hemingway, Virginia Woolf—each sought a new way to get some of the juice of life on to the printed page. Their imitators have chiefly proved that most of them are, in a broad sense, imitable.

Poet Louis (*The Outer Land*) Grudin is to James Joyce what dozens of novelists have been to Hemingway and Proust—an eager copycat who asserts his right to look at his king, even if it leaves him cross-eyed. Joyce showed how multiple ideas and emotions get tangled together in the human mind, and how the mention of one thing suggests other quite different things which happen to be "associated," through the sound and look of words.

Poet Grudin's aim is simply to do the

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same job all over again in a Times Square accent. His hero is "Louie Bloom Jerce, the inky darling," i.e., a Joycean "jerk" whose attachment to writing has made him black as ink and a bit of an Irish "darlin'" into the bargain. This opus is Inky's "histree"—which means, of course, both "his tree" and personal "history."

Inky admits that, unlike Jerce, he is not much of a scholar—"the penalty for not sticking to my last from the first." He advises people to "get a card in the public liebury and dig in a couple of good books"—which means that a library is a place where good books are apt to get buried and need to be dug out before they can be dug into. As far as can be guessed, Inky has spent his life waisting his talons in an advertising agency ("That's the whey he was"). He has a Jewish mother-in-law who speaks with "an ageless bit of Joycean sholem asholem humorwit"—except when she takes out her teeth and becomes "all *mp-mp* when she [tries] to talk." Inky is fond of the country, and believes that a man should be individualistic, even at the risk of being dubbed a "darestedly commonus anniekist."

For close to 300 pages Author Grudin makes puns and word plays on such simple matters, and although his book (which he slapped together in less than four months) is hard going, selected lines might be used for a parlor game, the prize going to the one who extracts the most "associations" in the least time. It can then lie buried, for it will not go down in his tree.

RECENT & READABLE

The Bad Seed, by William March. Malice and murder in the heart of a child; a mother-and-daughter story that swiftly turns into a shocker (TIME, April 12).

A Time to Laugh, by Laurence Thompson. The lighthearted story of poor Gade-in, a gawky African adolescent, and his triumph over both his tribe and the British army (TIME, April 5).

Minutes of the Last Meeting, by Gene Fowler. More stories about those three Hollywood musketeers, John Barrymore, W. C. Fields and Author Fowler, disguised as a biography of their colleague and poetic oracle, Sadakichi Hartmann (TIME, April 5).

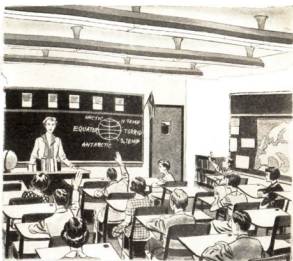
The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes, by Adrian Conan Doyle and John Dickson Carr. New yarns lovingly constructed by a pair of contemporary Sherlock fans from "unsolved cases" mentioned in the original stories (TIME, April 5).

The Challenge of Man's Future, by Harrison Brown. A thoughtful, guardedly hopeful but dead-serious speculation about the effect of the world's increasing population on the life of man (TIME, March 22).

Moscow, by Theodor Plievier. A stunning documentary novel about the German drive on Moscow and the confusion and dismay of the Russian defenders (TIME, March 8).

The Lady for Ransom, by Alfred Dugan. The twilight of the Byzantine Empire, caught in a fine historical novel (TIME, Feb. 8).

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Sampling Method. In Meriden, Conn., Gordon A. Sanderson, 31, nabbed after police found him peeping in the windows of houses on Gilbert Road, protested that he was considering moving into the area and just wanted to make sure that his neighbors would be "quiet, decent people."

The Careful Shopper. In Denver, charged with stealing two suits from a store, Elmer Blakely explained that he had taken the clothes "to examine them under natural light," tried to elude a female store detective only because "I first thought she was my estranged wife."

R.S.V.P. In Nashville, gunmen held up the First Industrial (loan) Corp., took \$1,374, escaped through an office door marked: "Need more money? Just ask."

Copilot. In Los Angeles, after arresting Lyle Gann for drunken driving, police searched his car, in the trunk compartment found his wife Wilda, who explained: "I knew he would get drunk, so I stowed away so I could drive him home . . ."

Sales Talk. In Sacramento, boasting that he was due to inherit \$5,000,000, House-to-House Salesman Lee Capell promised prospective customers a year's free milk and free home sites, confessed, after sheriff's deputies caught up with him for driving a car without a license: "You get to lying, get carried away and start believing . . ."

The Campaign. In Chattanooga, running for district constable, Pleasant Hixon announced: "The office of constable is an obsolete institution . . . If elected, [I will] take this obsolete office out of circulation . . ."

Emergency Measure. In Billings, Mont., explaining why he had been arrested five times for drunkenness this year, Paul Rides-the-Horse, 28, a Crow Indian, told the judge that he had merely been following a friend's toothache remedy: "Keep whisky on the tooth at all times."

The Proprietries. In Sydney, Australia, the New South Wales transport department issued 7,000 cut-rate streetcar and bus tickets for children, on each ticket printed the warning: "Do not smoke in a nonsmoking compartment."

Around the Corner. In Baltimore, seeking the Republican nomination for governor, Tim Bright defined what he meant by "100% prosperity": "Chicken legs raining around this state like a snowstorm in Chicago . . . turkey gravy dripping . . . like Niagara Falls . . . porterhouse steaks for breakfast," then sat down with his audience to a supper of frankfurters and lemonade.

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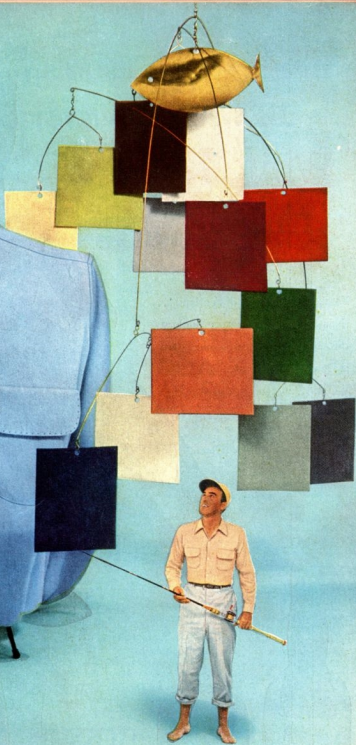


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